

# MERRY ENGLAND

CONTENTS

ONE SHILLING

[MONTHLY]

FEBRUARY, 1886.

	PAGE.
REMINISCENCES OF KETTELER AND REINKENS. By HUBERT E. H. JERNINGHAM. With a Portrait of Monsignor Ketteler	211
ICH DIEN. By DAVID URQUHART . . .	219
A VILLAGE GENIUS. By ALICE CORKRAN	227
APOLLO AND THE FURIES. By the Rev. W. H. ANDERDON, S.J. . . . .	248
ON THE WAY TO WADY HALFA. By an OFFICER'S WIFE . . . . .	255
AN ASTRONOMIC DIFFICULTY. By the Rev. T. E. BRIDGETT, C.SS.R. . . . .	262
GESTA ROMANORUM: OR, THE PULPIT OF MERRY ENGLAND . . . . .	263
REVIEWS AND VIEWS: With Illustrations.	275

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# Merry England.—Contents for February.

	PAGE
REMINISCENCES OF KETTELER AND REINKENS. By HUBERT E. H. JERNINGHAM. With a Portrait of Monsignor Ketteler .	211
ICH DIEN. By DAVID URQUHART . . . . .	219
A VILLAGE GENIUS. By ALICE CORKRAN . . . . .	227
APOLLO AND THE FURIES. By the Rev. W. H. ANDERDON, S.J.	248
ON THE WAY TO WADY HALFA. By an OFFICER'S WIFE . . .	255
AN ASTRONOMIC DIFFICULTY. By the Rev. T. E. BRIDGETT, C.S.S.R. . . . .	262
GESTA ROMANORUM; OR, THE PULPIT OF MERRY ENGLAND .	263
REVIEWS AND VIEWS. With Illustrations . . . . .	275

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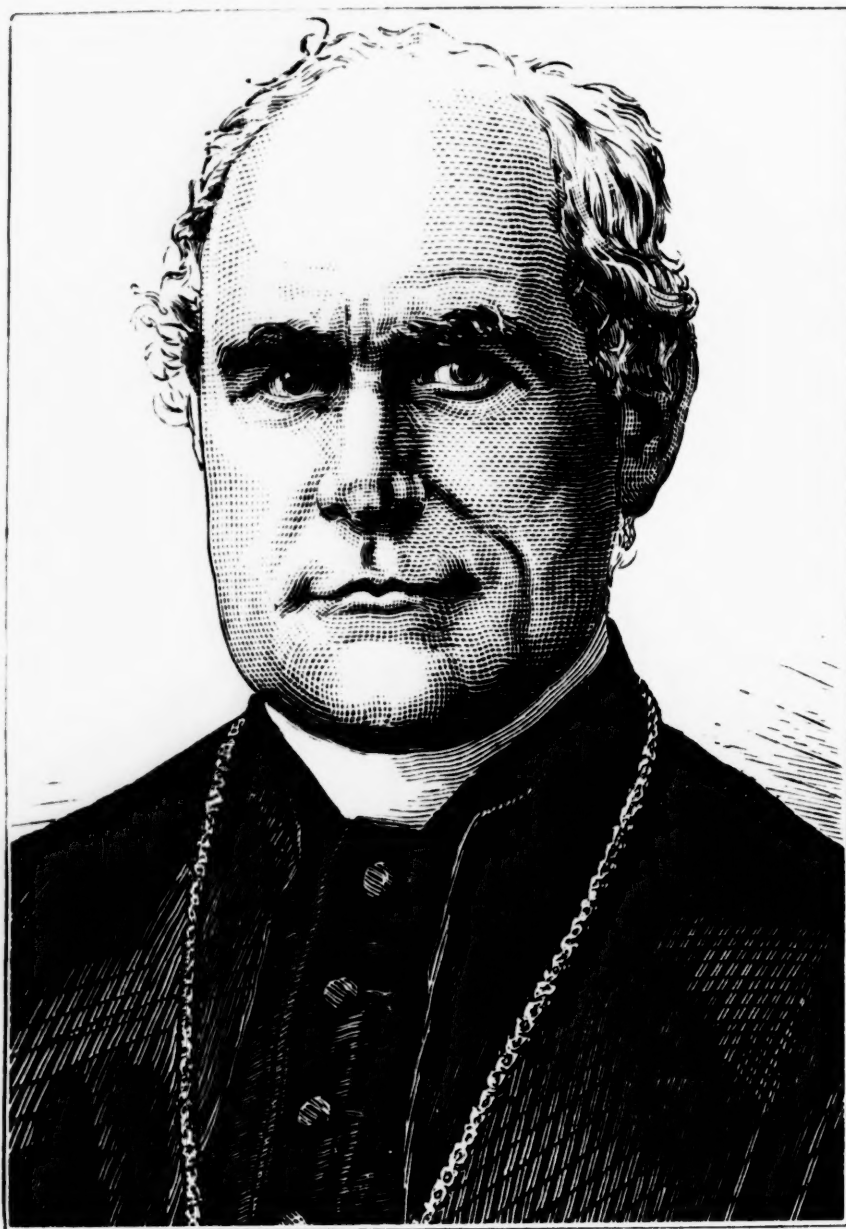
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MONSIGNOR KETTELERS.



# MERRY ENGLAND

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FEBRUARY, 1886.

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## Reminiscences of Ketteler and Reinkens.

**A**MONG the eminent and distinguished prelates of the German Catholic Episcopate, perhaps no one had a greater claim to distinction than Mgr. Ketteler, Bishop of Mayence.

Born in 1811, he became a member of the famous German Parliament, held in Frankfurt in 1848. There it was that the present Chancellor, Prince Bismarck, first made his mark as a politician, and there M. de Gagern first proposed that German Confederation of the North which was in subsequent years to be brought about by his principal listener. There, too, the Abbé Ketteler came into notice; his eloquence and talent causing him to be selected very soon after for the important see of Mayence, of which he took possession on March 15, 1850, and which he held for twenty-seven years, never once during that long period forfeiting the love and confidence of his flock. The great, and indeed the sole object of his life, which ended in July, 1877, was to cause religion to be respected, and to make its necessity felt. Honest as the light which shone from his bright eyes, and liberal-minded to a degree which struck all who approached him, Bishop Ketteler had all the enthusiasm of a zealous and pious priest, without any of that cant and bigotry which too often accompanies it in

men of his cloth, to whatever creed or religious denomination they belong. As he was wont himself to say, the Church is the greatest Liberal institution in existence, and, to preserve this character, its discipline must be the strictest. A Bishop's duty is to inhale the spirit of the one, and to enforce the rules of the latter.

In 1871, a movement was started in Germany which quickly received political support, and grew under its fostering care. A party of men, dissatisfied with the dogma of the Infallibility, endeavoured to form a Church within the Church, styling themselves Old Catholics. The feeling against the opportuneness of the proclamation of the dogma had been strong in Germany. Those, however, who had not previously been tainted by irreligious thought soon remembered that the belief had always existed, and that it was only the dogmatic force given to it which was unpalatable. But in the Catholic Church of Germany the philosophy of Kant, Strauss, and others, had made itself so much felt, and counted so many victims, though the victims themselves knew it not, that many Catholics had lost their faith, albeit they cared not to change their religious appellation. Thus it was that as soon as the dogma had been proclaimed, the men who refused to submit were found to be those who, previous to the proclamation, had lost much of that faith which is the essence and strength of the Catholic Church. Bishop Ketteler, who, to the last days of his life, could never persuade himself of the political judiciousness of the definition, and who at Rome had fought strenuously against it, though he submitted humbly and wholly to the Decree, was destined to be the principal champion of the Church against the men who, while refusing to give up the name which they had inherited in Baptism, so far belied it as to endeavour to create a religious movement in which all elements should be present except the constitutional ones of faith, humility, and obedience.

Finding in this discontented section of the Catholic popula-



tion of the newly-created Empire a possible weapon of strength which he could wield at pleasure and with effect, the Chancellor at once seized the opportunity to give so-called Old Catholics a political existence. He allowed them to become possessed of ecclesiastical property; and the Emperor's son-in-law, the Grand Duke of Baden, was instructed to promote the movement in his Grand Duchy. Moreover he nominated a Bishop for them, in the person of Mr. Reinkens, an obscure priest of Bonn.

It was when matters were at this stage, in July, 1873, that the writer, being at Mayence, and anxious to hear Bishop Ketteler's views as to the possible growth of the "Old Catholic movement," was honoured by having addressed to him the following remarks :

"Never," observed his lordship, "could such a movement have been started by men caring for their religion. It is one thing to believe, it is another to have courage enough to give up your religious denomination when you cease to believe. The Old Catholics are nothing but a set of men who, having no religion whatsoever, find it useful to join an association of individuals ready to keep up the semblance of one. I ask any Catholic who is honest, whether he does not know from his earliest days that a man is at liberty to believe what he likes, provided he does not style himself a Roman Catholic, but that the condition of being a Roman Catholic is to believe absolutely, what our Church teaches. How, then, does the newly created Bishop Reinkens and his Old Catholics, reconcile this knowledge which the last child in my diocese possesses and he himself cannot ignore, with the presumption of calling his dissident congregation Old Catholics ?

"Sir," continued the Bishop, getting every moment more animated, "this movement is due to the progress of rationalism and positivism in Europe. It is the outcome of that progress; and in Germany we are eaten up by that cankerworm which I see is assailing England, though I do believe she will prove

strong against it. Rationalism is daily weakening religious faith (and I except no religious denomination), and to combat it is sometimes more than we can do, great as is the grace which Providence bestows on our efforts. Oh, to believe ; to have faith ; not to feel that man is a log, with a bit of earth alone for his final aim and end in life ; but to look forward and ahead to that glorious moment for which all our efforts here must prepare ! To believe—that is the point ; and, Catholic Bishop as I am, I would subscribe for the erection of any Protestant church, if I could not get a Catholic one, rather than feel that my fellow-countrymen could do without prayer and those outward signs of a visible faith.

“But as to the absurdity of calling themselves Catholics, I have only to point out that even before they are in sufficient numbers to justify the appellation of a congregation, our excellent Government give them a status by creating a Bishop, forgetting altogether that by doing this they are denying the very proposition the Old Catholics are strenuously putting forward—namely, that they are not a sect, but really the nucleus of the Old Church. It is clear that the Government makes political capital out of them ; and I know Prince Bismarck too well not to be certain that this movement is altogether an effort of his creative genius, and that the Chancellor who has made German unity believes himself capable now to combat Rome successfully through this miserable agency. He will never be a Reformer, though he has succeeded in giving life to a sect which you will forgive me if I call it by its real name, ‘an infamous Bismarckery’—*cine infame Bismarckerei*. But I am so certain that this religious invention patented by our Chancellor is destined to failure, that apart from the momentary annoyance which it must cause those who have charge of souls, and the distress which results from such secessions in Catholic families, I care not what temporary dimensions it assumes, for it cannot last, while it may awaken in Catholic hearts the necessity for greater vigilance, the desire for strengthening the religious bonds which unite all Catholics, and thereby steady rather than weaken the Catholic opposition to the May Laws.”



The writer has not included in these remarks some of the strong terms which the Bishop did not scruple to use ; but the very violence of his language could never once be ascribed to other than the earnest, all-absorbing thought that this new-fangled sect had not religious but political aims for its object, and hence was deserving of the strongest epithets which contempt could hurl at it.

On November 22, 1873, I was enjoying a German supper in the restaurant of the Erbprinz Hotel at Carlsruhe, in company with my thoughts, which were worth what a previous visit to the play made them, and with such impressions as *Die Grille*, a German interpretation of George Sand's *Fanchon*, could leave on the mind, when near me I perceived, at a neighbouring table, a fat, good-humoured man, dressed in the garb of a priest, who, while relishing a glass of Lager beer and some ham, held forth to the head waiter on subjects which I did not take the trouble to listen to. As the sight of his foaming and bright amber coloured glass of beer gave me a fancy for the same beverage, I called the waiter, and while asking what I wanted, inquired the name of the rotund personage. "That is Bishop Reinkens, the head of the Old Catholics." "Indeed!" And I was about to use the privilege of German hotels and enter into conversation with this quasi-celebrity, when he finished his glass, got up, and disappointed my expectations by leaving the room.

Having ascertained, however, that he was not leaving the hotel altogether, I hurried on the following morning to pay a complimentary visit to this political Bishop. I found him most affable and communicative, indeed I thought he was even garrulous, but I could not help being especially struck by the difference between him and his great adversary ; for in proportion to the dignity and noble bearing of Bishop Ketteler, Bishop Reinkens appeared to me common and vulgar, while his German, which partook in sound of the Dutch and Prussian accents,

could not but be unfavourably contrasted with the polished language of the great Prelate of South Germany.

"The position I occupy," said Bishop Reinkens, "is not of my seeking. A professor of theology by taste and by profession, I am no aspirant for Church preferments, but the tears—*die Thräne*—of seventy-seven delegates of the Old Catholics throughout Germany have moved me to accept their pressing request to become their chief, and my resolution once taken, I have entered heart and soul into the work. My object is to rally under one flag, to assemble in one great body, the numerous secessionists from the Catholic Church who are spread throughout Germany, and whom the dogma of the Infallibility has lopped from off the tree whereon they had grown. We number fully fifty thousand who have openly declared ourselves anti-Infallibilists, while at least ten times that number would join us were they not kept back by family prejudices or by family ties."

"And how many Catholics do you reckon there are in Germany now?"

"About twenty millions."

"And where are your adherents most numerous?"

"They are mostly to be found in Westphalia, and they generally exist among the most intelligent people in the higher middle classes—*höhere bürgerchaft*. The aristocracy, with the exception of the Great Chancellor, Count Stoffels, and Count Westphalen, I consider to be my bitterest opponents, rooted prejudices preventing the Old Catholic movement from progressing as it ought and should. The development of the movement, however, may be gathered from the fact that since the 10th of October last there have been no less than five thousand open declarations of adhesion—*erklärungen*. When the 'Alt Catholicismus' has become a recognized religion in the State, with all the advantages of such a State recognition—*Staats anerkennung*—then will thousands flock to our fold, and the present number will be lost in its increased magnitude."

The Bishop, however, was obliged to find some reason why,

should his expectations not be realized, he might equally in the future have ground to hope. He talked, therefore, of the indifference to religion which was so visible in Germany. "But for this 'indifferentismus,'" he exclaimed, "we should have millions." I remember thinking this rather clever on his part, for he naturally left on his hearers the impression that only the devout minority had seceded from Rome and joined his ranks, while the nineteen million nine hundred and fifty thousand remaining Catholics had not piety enough to recognize his merits, and were too indifferent to join his movement. Nor could I help contrasting Bishop Ketteler's remarks about that same spirit of indifference in religion; "Would to God that there were more faith in Germany. I should hardly care what creed my countrymen belonged to, did they only believe. Indifference is the ground on which the Old Catholics alone can rise."

Bringing the conversation, however, into a more theological groove, Bishop Reinkens became more interesting and more animated, not sparing the strongest epithets in condemnation of what he called the despotism of Rome.

"Never," said he, "in the history of the Church before the fourteenth century have the Bishops of Rome claimed a priority over those of Alexandria and Antioch; and in the famous invitation to the Council of Alexandria the following words occur: 'To yourself, myself, and to the Patriarch of Antioch are given in equal parts that necessary representative authority over the Church which was vested by descent upon St. Peter; and I invite you therefore to come and bear me up in the discussions about to take place.'"

"But," said I, "what was the reply of the Bishop of Rome?"

"He gave a full acquiescence, inasmuch as he never denied the principle laid down by the Patriarch of Alexandria."

"If that be so, and it were proved that the Bishops of Rome had anywhere in writing acquiesced in this tripartite authority, that would be a great point in your favour, would it not?"



"Certainly."

"Can you, therefore, as a theologian, prove the existence of such a document?"

"I am diligently searching for it."

That was more than twelve years ago. I believe he is searching for it yet.

HUBERT E. H. JERNINGHAM.

## Ich Dien.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK, alone on his island, was entitled to declaim—

I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute.

For he was not a citizen. But suppose the arrival of another castaway. Either the one would have enslaved the other, or the two would have agreed to live together on an equal footing. They would have constituted a community in which each would have had duties to perform and rights to maintain. Neglect of the former or abandonment of the latter would have been contrary to the agreement—that is, to the common law of the island. Disputes would have arisen, and the community been broken up. For all communities are based on obligation of individual work for the common good. True, the dereliction of duty by an individual in a large community will not affect the whole commonwealth ; but if a large section of the people cease to bear their share of the common burdens, the inevitable consequences must be oppression and anarchy.

And this duty of citizenship is the duty of the citizen to take his part in the government. All the Institutions of England were based on this fundamental assumption. And as each citizen was to share in the government, it was necessary to divide the country into small communities. These were the Parishes, or as they were originally called, Vills or Tuns. It may truly be said that England was governed by its parishes long before it possessed a Parliament.\* There were many other authorities

\* Until the year 1232, the King applied direct to the parishes for his grants of supply.

between the parish and the central authority of King and Council, but these were checking, and not governing, bodies.

The parish was governed by its vestry, of which every man who had resided a year and a day in the place, and had paid his share of the local burdens, was *ipso facto* a member. The duties of this assembly comprised the whole of the work now in the hands of Magistrates, Guardians, Select Vestries, Highway Boards, Sanitary Boards, *et hoc genus omne*. These duties are summarized by Toulmin Smith, in his able work on the Parish, as follows :—

“To keep the peace within their own boundaries, and to assist in the capture of criminals coming from neighbouring parishes ; to maintain and keep open all roads, paths, water-courses, and drains ; to furnish a certain number of men for the defence of the country ; to apportion and collect any Parliamentary tax, and generally to do whatever was necessary for the common good.”

The vestry assembled several times in each year to receive the reports of its officers, to instruct them on special points, to pass bye-laws for the local rates (from the Saxon “Bye,” an inhabited place, a parish), and once a year at Easter to pass the accounts and to elect the officers. All decisions were arrived at by division after discussion ; no polling being allowed to those who did not attend the meeting. In those days plurality of votes did not exist.

By degrees, as the vestry could not itself carry out its work, it appointed officers to whom its authority was delegated, and who were responsible to it. The title of these officers and their different functions varied considerably from time to time, but they were in all cases only the representatives of the vestry, to which they had to report. Originally the principal officer, who occupied the position of temporary chief of the parish, was the constable. He had especial charge of the peace of the parish. He was bound in common law to bring all offenders to justice, and was



thus, in point of fact, the public prosecutor. The next in importance were the churchwardens, who were wardens of the goods and possessions of the parish. The fact that at first the church, with its vestments and plate, was the most important property of the parish, will account for the name. They had to keep an exact account of all moneys received and spent, and to lay it before the vestry at the expiry of their year of office. The functions of the surveyors of highways are sufficiently explained by their name; and many other officers were appointed as necessity arose.

The acceptance of office on the part of these delegates was obligatory, and the services were gratuitous—an application of the principle that every citizen owed the duty of service to the State. The refusal to serve was a crime against the State, and was indictable as such. Besides this method of punishment by indictment, the vestry itself could and did impose penalties for refusal. Various Acts of Parliament created certain exceptions to this general rule, and to these exemptions may be traced one of the main causes of the decay of the system, fostering as they did a feeling of discontent among those not so exempted.\*

A passage in "The Claims of the People of England Discussed" indicates the sentiments with which the parish officers were regarded so late as 1701:—

"And hereby it is that parish government carries nothing in it uneasy or displeasing to the people. For naturally everyone is best pleased with his own choice, and hereby both honours and burdens are equally borne. And why should I give more trouble than needs must to a parish officer, when I know 'twill come to my turn to bear office, if I have not known that trouble already?"

The self-government of the parish was complete. There was no central board to make rules, or to decide on the appoint-

\* The existing regulations as to juries and special constables are of course a remnant of the law referred to.

ment or removal of officers, and no interference from irresponsible Justices of the Peace in the spending or in the levying of rates. But, though entirely independent within itself, the parish was not uncontrolled. An elaborate series of checks were provided to compel it to fulfil its duties by the punishment of neglect. To effect this there were Court Leets, Sheriff's Tourns, Hundreds Courts, Quarter Sessions, Grand Juries, and the Courts of the Justices in Eyre. A study of the relations of these various Courts to each other would be outside the scope of this paper; but a summary of the duties of the first and oldest of them, the Court Leets, will be a sufficient proof of the reality of the responsibility of the Parish, that is of every member of the Vestry, for the good government of the district.

The Court Leet was a jury of freemen, which held inquiries several times a year in every parish and village of the Hundred. These inquiries embraced both public and private rights. The officers of the parish were examined on oath, and as all the inhabitants were bound to attend the court, any neglect of duty or act of oppression was at once punished, and redress made in the case of any injury to an individual. The comprehensiveness of these inquiries will be best shown by an extract from Lambard's "*Eirenarcha*" (A.D. 1590):—

"Whether the Roll [of inhabitants] is complete. Whether any have gone away under any circumstances of suspicion. Whether all on the Roll have come up to the Folk-mote.\* Touching burglars, thieves and robbers, forgers, murderers, houseburners, and the accessories and harbourers of any of these. Touching outlaws and returned convicts. Touching treasure-trove, murders, and stolengoods, found and kept. Touching gaol-breach, rape, abduction, and wrong-doers in parks, burrows, warrens, &c. Touching maimings, assaults, false imprisonments, and other breaches of the peace. Touching usurers, traitors, &c., and their harbourers.

\* Folk-mote is the generic term for the various motes or assemblies; *Shire-mote*, *borough-mote*, *parish-mote*. Mote, *i.e.*, moot—discussion.

Touching petty thefts. Touching the hue and cry\* wrongly raised, or if rightly, not followed up; who raised it and by whose default it was not followed up. Touching land-marks, broken, renewed, or altered. Touching water-courses, turned or obstructed. Touching ditches, walls, water banks, pools, or anything of like sort, meddled with, damaged, or otherwise, to any man's hurt. Touching ways and paths wrongfully obstructed or narrowed. Touching false weights and measures. Touching watch and ward not duly kept, and highways not well maintained," &c. &c.

Where any default was proved the parish was amerced or fined, and as the money had to be raised by a special rate made by bye-law of the vestry, the default was brought home to every parishioner. Responsibility was real; and neglect of the duty to the State was speedily punished.

A most important point in reference to these inquiries is that they were held regularly, whether there had been complaints or not, and that there was therefore no need of an application, on the part of the complainant, to any central authority. The poorest parishioner had but to attend and state his complaint to obtain redress if he was entitled to it—a method which gave far greater security against oppression than the present system of appealing to a Government Board in London, and having to run the gauntlet of the "insolence of office," and the endless delays of red tapeism.

The third subject of inquiry, as to the attendance of all on the roll at the Folk-mote, should be specially noted, as it is a proof that the assemblies existed not only in name but in fact.

Such was the system, based on the principle of every man sharing in the common work—a system by which this country was governed for more than a thousand years, which maintained

\* Hue and cry was raised by the constable on receipt of information as to the commission of crime, or breaches of the peace in the parish; and every parishioner was bound to join in assisting to arrest the wrong-doer. If he crossed into another parish the constable of that parish took up the hue and cry, and passed it on.



its vitality throughout the struggles of civil wars, and to which alone our forefathers owed that wonderful power of recovery from disaster, and sturdy spirit of resistance to oppression, which strike all students of history as the distinctive traits of the people of England.

If the private life of a people affects its institutions, so in like manner do the institutions react on private character. Who has not come across the case of an apparently careless and lazy individual converted into a model of attention and perseverance, under the influence of the sense of responsibility? and must not a system which fostered this feeling in every citizen have had a beneficial effect on the nation as a whole? Montalembert, in his work on "The Political Future of England," lays particular stress on this point:—

"This concourse of all to the common work is not only the basis of political life, but it is the fundamental basis of all social organization. Labour, struggle, independent and spontaneous activity, are visible everywhere. From this there necessarily results, at first sight, an appearance of confusion and disorder, which strikes with astonishment those who come from countries where everything is arranged, classed and ticketed, according to the rules of that tiresome uniformity and minute solicitude of the public authorities, which, *while it saves men trouble by releasing them from all responsibility, destroys the principle of self-action, extinguishes zeal and enterprise, enervates the existing race of men, and condemns them to, as it were, a perpetual childhood.*"

These evils, which began to be imported into self-acting, individual, and responsible England, were fully perceived by the Duke of Wellington. "While every one," said his Grace, "is accustomed to rely upon the Government, upon a sort of commutation for what they pay to it, personal energy goes to sleep and the end is lost. This supineness and apathy as to public exertion will, in the end, ruin us."

History affords a striking example of the effects which this

neglect may in the end produce. The lower classes in France, exasperated beyond endurance, overthrew the governing class, but, though successful in this, they were powerless to build up a new community, as they had lost the notion of "the concourse of all to the common good." Montalembert, after describing in the passage already quoted the advantages of this common bond, proceeds to give a vivid description of the results of its absence. The following passage is a continuation of the previous quotation :—

"Thus they can discover no other mode of emancipation from the wardship of a master than the throwing themselves into the wildest excesses of anarchy, and when they have got into that deplorable state, stunned, bewildered, exhausted, and terrified by that short and violent paroxysm, they become an easy prey to the first adventurer presenting himself, who audaciously puts on their necks the yoke they had just shaken off, to which they tamely submit till the time comes when the demagogy should recover strength and courage to recommence its attacks, and then it will find men without energy, without manliness, and, as it were, asleep in a chronic lethargy."

We also in England are gradually drifting towards that condition of the body politic which preceded the French Revolution. The duties of Government, neglected by the people, are concentrated in the hands of a few, and the ruin which the Iron Duke declared to be the natural consequence of a general supineness as to public affairs, is already threatening. More than this, the very cry of "*Les Droits de l'homme*" which blinded the French to their own duties, is being raised in our midst. "The Rights of the People!" It is indeed a fine sounding phrase, insidious as all half truths, and appealing to a sense of justice on the one hand, but exciting predatory passions on the other. That it is but half the truth will be self-evident. Complete it, and say that we ought to strive to restore the "Rights and Duties of the People," and the sense of responsibility is awakened, healthy energy aroused, but no

appeal to the passions is conveyed by the phrase ; it would never be used to subvert society, or to inaugurate a Reign of Terror. The dangerous firebrand becomes a saving beacon.

Guided by this principle of the duty of the citizen, we shall easily arrive at a correct judgment of the value of the schemes for County Government which will shortly be under discussion. If it is proposed to form elective County Boards, thus reducing the work of the citizens to putting crosses opposite certain names on a piece of paper, and then dropping it into a box, we may ask ourselves whether the performance of this process is really a sharing in the work of government ? Is it the whole duty of a citizen ? If the great principle underlying our institutions be a true one, the remedy for the general neglect of public duties cannot be found in the creation of further facilities for avoiding their performance. It must be sought rather in a return to those checks which forced each man to bear his own share of the common burdens, and all who have the welfare of their country at heart should, both by precept and example, strive to revive that sense of personal responsibility in the government of the land which was once the distinctive trait of the English people. England has been called the Land of Freedom. She cannot maintain that proud position unless the motto of the Heir to the Throne be engraven on the hearts of her people, as embodying the highest duty of the citizen—"ICH DIEN."

DAVID URQUHART.



## A Village Genius.

CHATEAU JOUY, on the confines of Normandy and Brittany, stood amidst its woods, some way out of the village that bore its name.

It was July, and it had rained incessantly, not for a day or two, not with cheery intervals between the showers, not with an occasional streak of sunshine jovially pushing aside Heaven's door, just to assure the world that all was right, and dry weather would come yet, but dismally, doggedly, sullenly for a whole week together. It was still raining. Outside the château a trackless, uncharted sea of mud spread, in which stood crest-fallen trees, spiritless hedges, and pallid flowers. Over it the birds flew dejectedly, low-spirited horses ploughed through it, and some cows stood mid-leg deep in it, regardless of consequences. It was a limp world, that had lost all pluck and show of bravery under the drip drip scolding of the rain.

Inside the château, the company was assembled in the hall round the log fire that burnt in the deep hearth. It was a handsome apartment, hung with sober tapestries and furnished with splendid old oak. Mademoiselle Angèle de Say, the young châtelaine, was wont to draw a vivid and gloomy picture of the château to her friends in Paris, painting it as a sombre abode, buried in the woods, with a sinister northern tower haunted by a ghost ; but it was, in truth, a fine mansion of no great antiquity. It was roomy, and it bore in its exterior and interior arrangements the stamp of a certain stateliness and fine taste.

Whatever may have been the sombre colours in which it was the young lady's fancy to paint Château Jouy to her friends,

certain it is that, when she came to it, the place was transformed into an enchanted residence, a summer palace, a centre of movement and gaiety. She filled it with her Parisian friends. She always carried a bit of Paris with her wherever she went. Walks in the morning ; rides on horseback through the woods in the afternoon ; music, dancing, charades in the evening, were the order of the day, and had continued till this spell of wet weather set in.

Mademoiselle Angèle's spirit had manfully borne up against it. She had kept her guests alive by her gaiety, but now *cnnui* was beginning to gain upon her, and with hers their spirits were flagging. Repartees were growing flat, flirtation heavy on hand, billiards monotonous ; and voices raised in song sounded hoarse. What was to be done ? A vast amount of correspondence that had fallen into arrears had been made up—books and papers had been read—nothing now was left to drive back the in-coming tide of *cnnui*. To make matters still more depressing General de Say had been called away to Paris on business, and Monsieur Eugène Dufresny, an artist of note, a gold medallist at the last *Salon*, to whom Mademoiselle Angèle had been betrothed since last spring, was also away, painting a background for a picture, at some twenty miles distance from the château.

The company assembled round the wood-fire that morning were : two young married couples—the wives had been Angèle's friends at the convent where she had been educated ; Mademoiselle de Lustre, her old maiden aunt ; an elderly marquise, and Monsieur Henri de Chèvres, Angèle's cousin, a dapper young man with a sandy moustache and an eye-glass, who paid court to all pretty women.

"What are we to do ? It is death—it is despair—it is the end of the world that is upon us," said Mademoiselle Angèle in her bright joyous voice, looking out of the window at the dripping trees and the agitated puddles.

"But what—*enfin*—what, I ask you, did they do in the Ark

to pass the time during the Deluge?" asked Monsieur de Chevres, apostrophizing the window panes.

"They had plenty of occupation, stopping the leaks, feeding the animals, arranging the conjugal quarrels of the many couples," said Angèle.

"Occupation is the destroyer of *ennui*. Here I am quite content, by a good fire, with my knitting. I wait for the sunshine," said Mademoiselle de Lustre, lifting her voice from the corner where she sat. Since Angèle's mother's death, the good soul had filled her place as her niece's *chaperon*. She meekly danced behind the damsel in the mad capers she was often bent on performing, following her about with wraith-like fidelity, raising the while a plaintive reed-like note of protesting platitude.

"Mademoiselle, my aunt, you are the goddess of wisdom," said Monsieur de Chèvres, pirouetting round and making her a bow. "Minerva ought to be represented absorbed in the eternal knitting of stockings, ignoring all mortal *ennui*."

"Ah, my little aunt," said Angèle, coming to seat herself on the arm of Mademoiselle de Lustre's chair, and playing with the worthy lady's ball of worsted, "you would face eternity with complacency if you had your knitting in it. The clic-clic of the needles is like a drowsy voice repeating, 'Down with rebellious thoughts'—and all the time the stocking grows—'like a grey life of peaceful days.'"

"And tapestry—what is that like?" asked Madame de Beaumont, lifting a smiling face from her embroidery frame.

"I am asking myself," said Monsieur de Chèvres, leaving the window and twirling the string of his eye-glass, "what Dufresny is doing in this weather, off there in the wooden barn he has set up for himself?"

"He is painting a fine effect of mud, and a damp red-nosed shepherd upon it, imbibing a horror of water for the rest of his days," said Angèle laughing and blushing. "I can see it from



this," she continued, stretching out her hand. "It will create a *furore* at the *Salon*. My portrait this year. A sketch of slush next year, with a horrid tramp trudging across it. Such are painters, everything comes handy to them."

"My niece, you care only for pretty things—you are vain. You do not like the poor because they wear rags, and are not clean to look at," said Mademoiselle de Lustre.

"I give them money. But these unwashed folk in rags—who smell of wet earth—if I were an artist—I should not choose them as models. But Eugène is a poet-painter, so, you understand, he has anointed eyes."

"You are right, Mademoiselle, he is the epic poet of poverty," said Monsieur de Beaumont enthusiastically.

"He will be the epic poet of mud this year," answered Angèle. "It will be mud, as never mud was painted before. To look at it will give you an influenza."

"You ought to send a dove over it, carrying a letter, bidding him return," said Madame de Beaumont.

"My dear," replied Angèle, with a laugh that did not bring out her dimples in her cheeks as usual, "people who knit and people who paint are self-sufficing. Our dove would be sent back to us, without so much as an olive branch of greeting. But," she continued, "we might defy the weather; we might go and fetch him back in a body, clothed in water-proofs and shod in goloshes."

"My niece!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Lustre with shocked severity.

"That would not be *convenable*," replied Angèle shrugging her shoulders. "But in this weather—you see—one is inclined to do something out of the way—something tremendous—abrogate the laws—make a *coup d'état*, or else retire to bed and stay there till the sun comes out. What is to be done?"

"*Vive la République!* I have an idea, but an idea!" cried Monsieur de Chèvres.

"Ah!" exclaimed everybody, looking towards him.

"Listen!" said Monsieur de Chèvres, sitting astride on his chair, and joining the tips of his fingers in a bunch. "Yesterday I went, under my umbrella, to the Mairie on business. There while waiting for Monsieur le Maire, I amused myself looking about me; here, there, everywhere. But what attracts my attention—rivets it, what fascinates me, is a portrait—smooth as this window-pane—and shining with varnish. The portrait of a tub of a man, with a pimple on the side of his nose; a complexion of beet-root, and every eye-lash painted. A tri-coloured scarf binding his stomach. A magisterial frown knitting his brows—the image of Justice incarnated in a grocer. *Vive la République!* say I to myself—it is Monsieur le Maire. As I say this Monsieur le Maire enters. I look at my man; I look at the portrait. Everything is there—pimple—eyelashes—bluey tinge about the lips—bilious tinge in the white of the eyes—all there with inexorable exactitude. It is Monsieur le Maire to the life! Monsieur le Maire emphasized—seen in the convex side of a spoon."

"Well!" said Angèle, as Monsieur de Chevres paused to take breath. "But I do not see the idea yet."

"Listen, it is coming. My business accomplished, 'That is a fine portrait,' say I. 'It is the work of the village genius. I patronized him when I came into office,' replies Monsieur le Maire, strutting about like a pigeon in the sunshine. 'A right and noble thing to do,' I reply with a bow. I get out, and make my way down the village, still under my umbrella. I enter the grocer's shop. In the back parlour I see a portrait of Madame. . . . The same tomato complexion, the same shiny surface; 'a fine portrait,' I say. The good people cry out, 'It is by our village genius.' They tell me his name, I forget it now."

"But the idea—the idea!" cried a chorus of voices.

"Well, here it is," answered Monsieur de Chèvres rising.

"Let us have the village genius up. We do not know what to do with ourselves. Let Angèle, our beauty, give him a sitting. We shall sit round. We shall make him talk. We shall see what he can make of that graceful head. It will be a revelation in portraiture."

"He will make me look like an ancient washwoman," said Angèle.

"No, like a porcelain shepherdess, with a mouth scarce large enough to insert a pea," said another.

"I think he will give you the air of a Roman Emperor," said Mousieur de Chèvres.

"At any rate, I accept your idea," said Angèle. "Let us have the genius of Jouy up."

"But my niece," remonstrated the plaintive voice of Mademoiselle de Lustre. "There is Eugène Dufresny. He has painted your portrait. What will he say?"

"My aunt, this portrait will be a foil to his. You reproach me for being vain, frivolous ;—it is Eugène's fault. He has made me look so pretty. The portrait of the village genius will act wholesomely on my character. It will be like seeing continually hung up before me my face reflected in a coffee pot. This, my good little aunt, you will admit would cure the most robust conceit, and depress the most frolicsome spirits. It will be a penance—a memento, saying: 'You will grow old. You must wear a wig—you must paint, some day.'" The elderly Marquise present coughed sharply here, and Angèle paused ; catching the assembly's eyes fixed admiringly upon her, she smiled with all her dimples. "When my small world is inclined to spoil me with kindness, you know, I shall have only to look up and see myself as I shall be some day."

"And Mademoiselle, my aunt," put in Monsieur de Chèvres, "you understand the artistic interest of comparing what a man like Dufresny, and one like our village genius, can make of the same head."



"We are all dying of curiosity to see it," said Angèle. "We owe it to our guests, my aunt. In this weather, you see, to bring them down into the country—it is our duty to do something to amuse them. Allow me to write this minute to this unknown painter to come."

"Oh! my niece!" exclaimed the poor lady in despair, for she knew when Angèle insisted upon anything in this ardent fashion, her little game of opposition was useless. "Then, you do not know his address."

"His address! That is nothing. We can find it out. Jacques knows everything and everybody. Ring the bell, Henri."

The bell was rung, and Jacques, in his dark livery, imposing and quiet, appeared a minute after.

"There is a painter in the village; the people say he is a genius. We want him up," began Angèle, impetuously, to Jacques, who looked calmly puzzled.

"Pardon," said Monsieur de Chèvres, interposing. "Can you find out for us, *mon ami*, the name and address of a painter who has taken the portrait of Monsieur le Maire? He lives in the village."

A light dawned on Jacques's countenance. He remembered that Antoine, the under-gardener, had just had the portrait of his mother taken; it was a famous likeness.

"Send Antoine up," ordered Angèle.

A moment after, Antoine was on the threshold, shuffling his feet and hanging his head.

"*Mon ami*," said Monsieur de Chèvres, addressing him in his clear *saccadée* voice, "you have had the portrait of your mother taken?"

"Yes, monsieur," replied Antoine.

"A fine portrait, I am sure. It is like her?"

"Yes, monsieur," responded Antoine, with something of pride through his shamefacedness. "It is as like as one two-sous piece is like another."

"And the cap?"

"Oh, the cap!" said Antoine, entirely losing his timidity. "It's all there, with its pink bows and its borders of lace. Never did I see anything so natural."

"I'm sure of it," said Monsieur de Chèvres, affably. "He is a great man, this painter. What is his name?"

"Ah! but, yes, he is a great man! His name is Coïc—Père Coïc; everybody knows him here."

"Coïc—Père Coïc! that is the name," cried Monsieur de Chèvres, with a gesture of triumph.

"And how much do they give him for his portraits?" asked Angèle.

"Thirty francs—fifty francs, Mademoiselle. They say Monsieur le Maire gave him one hundred francs."

"We shall give him three hundred francs," she said with decision, sitting down and dashing off a note. "There, Antoine, find out Père Coïc. Give him this. I suppose the worthy man knows how to read, as he knows how to paint. Find him out. Bring him back. We shall be at the top of the house, in the room where Monsieur Dufresny sometimes paints."

Antoine disappeared on his mission.

"Now," she continued, looking round on the company, "in what dress shall I sit to our village genius? In an *ingénue* costume—white muslin, blue sash—or in full ball attire?"

"You look a Greuze in that blue gauze with the roses," said Madame de Beaumont.

"*Va, pour le Greuze*, then," said Angèle. "Go up to Eugène's painting-room; I shall join you there."

When Angèle reappeared in diaphonous blue draperies, two dripping umbrellas were to be seen jogging alongside of each other up the garden path.

"*Vive la République!* Here is the Père Coïc!" shouted Monsieur de Chèvres, waving his hand above his head.

## CHAPTER II.

IT was certainly not an imposing figure which stood upon the threshold of the door a few minutes after, bowing to the company. The poor artist carried a heavy paint-box in his right hand ; a woollen comforter was twisted round his neck. He was a gaunt, spare, thin-haired man of about forty-five years of age, with bright eyes that had a certain keenness of glance. After he made his bow, he remained still where he was, his figure slightly bent, waiting for an invitation to enter. But there was nothing servile in his attitude ; there was a look of gentle, inoffensive conceit about the humble painter. A slight fit of coughing came upon him as he stood ; and as he lifted his left hand to screen his mouth, it was perceptible that it trembled.

There had been a movement of curiosity when the door opened, and the gentlemen simultaneously stuck their glasses into their eye-sockets. Angèle advanced a few paces, and said, with a graceful gesture, "*Entrez donc, Monsieur, je vous en prie.*"

He advanced at once with another bow, half-deprecatory, half self-reliant. It was apparent, as he came nearer, that he had a pinched and pallid look ; that his clothes were thread-bare, and were marked by the shininess of surface that betrays much brushing. It was evident also that his composure was either assumed or the result of subdued excitement ; for in his gestures there was a restrained hurry ; and a slight trembling was visible. In the glances that he cast about him, there was a mixture of confidence, elation, and appeal.

"It is I who am to be your sitter," said Angèle, mounting upon the long deal box, covered with green baize, that had been placed there for Monsieur Dufresny's models.

The poor painter muttered some unintelligible syllables.



"We have seen your portrait of Monsieur le Maire, and we present you our compliments upon it—it is a famous likeness," said the accentuated tones of Monsieur de Chèvres.

A ghastly smile of pride lit up Père Coïc's face. "I heard that the gentlemen and ladies had seen the portrait," he replied.

"It is Monsieur le Maire and his scarf to the life, especially the scarf," said Monsieur de Chèvres.

"It is what I heard of that portrait that made me wish to have my likeness from your brush," interposed Angèle.

"You are very good, Mademoiselle. I have downstairs a canvas—Antoine carried it for me—of the same size as that on which I painted Monsieur le Maire. I thought Mademoiselle would like to have hers taken in the same style."

"It is just what I wish—to be as much like Monsieur le Maire as possible," cried Angèle, trying to steady her voice, as a stifled laugh went round the room.

"The friends of Mademoiselle ask no more," said Monsieur de Chèvres with emphasis.

"Nothing more," echoed the two other gentlemen.

"I feel confident I shall make the portrait like," said Père Coïc, with a grave bow.

The kindness and evident appreciation of the company were beginning to tell upon him; the nervous trembling was wearing off; the self-assurance of his bearing was becoming less affected. When Antoine came up with the canvas, he was almost at his ease.

"Yes, Mademoiselle, if you will let me, I will *poser* you," he said in reply to Angèle's request. "I have experience, you see—twenty years—that counts," he went on with a little vain smile, looking about him; "half the success of a portrait is in the *pose*."

"That *pose* of the Maire is magisterial," said Monsieur de Chèvres.

"I made Monsieur le Maire sit well opposite to me, square on his haunches, the chest dilated, the eye fixed, it gave him the magisterial air Monsieur notices."

"But poor little me, who am not a Maire, how must I sit?" asked Angèle.

"There is the front *pose*, that has a good effect," said the painter. "Mademoiselle, will you have the kindness to look at me full front, that I may see the two shoulders, and the whole face, and the two hands crossed in front."

"Like this?" said Angèle sitting bolt upright, swinging herself round in an uncompromising full-faced *pose*, grasping her two hands tight upon her knees.

A titter went round the company, the humble artist joined in. "Ah! no, that is not the thing—it does not suit Mademoiselle—something more in character, more graceful, with sentiment—try, Mademoiselle. There is a *pose*, ah! a *pose* the ladies like, the tips of your two fingers against your cheek, the head bent, just so. Pardon me, allow me, the elbow just a little pushed away, and the face a bit turned; there, there, that is it."

"Oh! yes, it is perfect!"

"It is sentiment itself!"

"If you could only see yourself," cried a chorus of voices.

"Is it not graceful?" said Père Coïc with innocent satisfaction. "There is but one little thing wanting, a flower for Mademoiselle to hold between the tips of her fingers."

"A gilly-flower, let me send for a gilly-flower," cried Monsieur de Chèvres.

"I must ask these ladies and gentlemen to have the goodness not to look now; when I am satisfied, when I feel the portrait is good, I shall show it to them." An expression of disappointment showed itself on the various faces, and for a moment rebellion was threatened, but Angèle insisted that her painter should be obeyed.

"We can talk," she said, "to Monsieur de Chèvres. We may question Monsieur Coïc. He may perhaps tell us some of his experiences as a portrait painter."

"Certainly—and I have experience," answered Père Coïc, with humble vanity. "Listening to talk gives animation to the face of the sitter. Monsieur le Maire talked all the time."

"And so for twenty years you have been taking portraits about here, my good man," began Monsieur de Chèvres, in his quality of spokesman.

"Yes, Monsieur, for twenty years, more or less. They have come for miles about Juoy to me. It is always, 'Take my portrait, Père Coïc'—that's how they call me. Then the next question is 'How shall I sit?' They always ask me that. For the men, the front *pose*—that is the one that suits them, for if they have a chain, or a pin, or shirt-stud, you can also show it off like that."

"Like Monsieur le Maire's chain," said Monsieur de Chèvres, sweeping his hand across his chest. "That was a *chef-d'œuvre*. that chain—unmitigated chrome yellow, every link of it."

"You are very good, Monsieur ; but, if I may say it, every one admired that chain—it was the marvel of the neighbourhood. Then for the ladies. The *pose* they like ; it is the attitude Mademoiselle has chosen. It suits them."

"But the grocer's wife—she, for instance—her *pose* was well in front," put in Monsieur de Beaumont, when the stifled laughter behind allowed him to speak.

"Ah, yes, that one was. You see, Monsieur, some like to have their whole face painted—their two eyes, and the two corners of their mouth : while in this *pose* you see only one eye and a bit of the other. That's the objection to it."

"They like to have the worth of their money," said Monsieur de Chèvres.

"That's it ! that's it !" exclaimed the artist, joining in the



laugh that went round. Père Coïc had never felt more at his ease. His heart expanded towards these kind and pleasant folk. He painted rapidly, laying his colour in even sweeps, as if he were tinting a door panel, with his head on one side to judge the effect of his work. When he left the château he was happy. He walked over the mud as if wings grew at his heels. A grotesque smile of happiness twisted his lips. As for Angèle, she appeared so beautiful to him, that even in thought he felt afraid to raise his eyes to hers, and as he went he muttered to himself, "*Comme elle est belle ! comme elle est belle !* and it is I who am chosen to present her on canvas to the world !"

The next day the rain was still falling, but the painter was punctual at his post. There were traces of special adornment in his apparel—an extra tinge of shininess discernible in the threadbare coat, and he wore a plaid neck-tie he had bought at the village fair ; in his hand he carried a nosegay of homely flowers, wet with the rain, which, shuffling up with a bow of clumsy gallantry, he presented to Angèle. There was a blundering shyness in his address. She seemed to him even more beautiful than she had been the day before, and he felt afraid to look at her. Again he petitioned that his picture should not be looked at that day, and Angèle ordered that he should be obeyed. She took him under her protection, she was very kind to him, she flattered him—she managed him with such admirable tact that his heart uncoiled like a snail out of its shell after rain. After a while his tongue loosened. The poor artist chattered of himself—life had been hard at the first start—the neighbours had not appreciated him ; and, with a contraction of his features that did duty for a smile, he rubbed his chest and said it had been *serrée* in those days.

"But now the neighbours look up to you as much as they do to Monsieur le Maire ?" said Angèle.

"Yes, Mademoiselle ; so they do. They are always in and

out of my house. When I have finished a picture, it is quite an event in the village; if you heard the good people, it is Père Coïc, Père Coïc, on every tongue."

"You ought to be in Paris, my friend. You ought not to be buried here. It is the portrait of the President you should be doing," said Monsieur de Chèvres.

"Monsieur, you are very good," answered the painter. "It has long been my wish to be in Paris. As you say, only a few good peasants know me here; but now, perhaps, that I have done Mademoiselle's portrait, it has been a good chance for me, for you know hanging up in Mademoiselle's *salon*, and her friends seeing it, they may wish to have theirs done by the same person. That might well be. Then, Monsieur, I would come."

"You would make your fortune, with a *furor*," said Monsieur de Beaumont, sending his voice above the subdued hilarity of the company.

"I am timid. I am not accustomed to high society," answered Père Coïc, with a feeble wriggle of his wasted frame.

"Ah! an artist like you can hold up his head with anyone," said Angèle.

"Thank you, Mademoiselle," answered the poor painter, his worn hands trembling with emotion, and his eyes filling. "I said that yesterday to myself, coming up here, for you see, *j'avais peur*, I have a cold, and that helped to take the courage out of me. Then, I had never been inside a château. . . . Monsieur le Maire had only a butcher's shop. So my heart was beating. But all the time I walked up I repeated to myself, 'Jean, you are an artist. Artists have been at the Court of Kings,' and the thought gave me courage as though I had drunk a glass of wine."

"Père Coïc, you are, without exception, the most extraordinary man I ever met. You ought to have a statue erected to you on the Place," exclaimed Monsieur de Chèvres.

"And who knows? There may be one yet," answered Angèle, letting fall a smile on the poor artist that made him feel as if he were already mounted on the pedestal of the proposed memorial.

He painted on in silence.

"I am dying with impatience to see the portrait," said Madame de Beaumont.

"To-morrow, I think I can show it," answered Père Coïc. "It must be smoother. My pictures when they are finished are always so smooth."

"And shining!" put in Monsieur de Chèvres.

"Oh, yes, they shine well!" said Père Coïc, with a complacent smile.

"Like a well-varnished pair of boots," suggested Monsieur de Beaumont, making a motion with his hands as if he were using the blacking-brush.

Something in the accent caught Père Coïc's ear; he quickly glanced with a slight flurry about him.

"It is not the varnish, but the soul that makes them shine," said Angèle.

Père Coïc laughed with the rest at the young lady's joke, but tears rose in his eyes. *She* believed in him. When he reached home he sat in his shabby room, with her portrait before him, doing nothing. The hours passed, and still he did nothing. He threw back his head; with his eyes closed, his poor pinched nose up in the air, he let the afternoon slip, smiling and muttering to himself. Always Angèle was there before him, throning aloft in her blue draperies, and always appearing to him so lovely that even in thought he dared not lift his eyes to her.



## CHAPTER III.

"Now these ladies and gentlemen may look at the portrait," said Père Coïc, after having worked awhile on the third day. "If Mademoiselle will remain where she is, they may compare the copy with the original."

It was a hideous, flat, brick-coloured thing, the company were invited to inspect. There was a pause. The ladies suffered agonies in their efforts to look grave. Some remained still gazing at it; others put their handkerchiefs to their mouths. The gentlemen surveyed it through their eye-glasses.

"Bravo! bravissimo! it surpasses my expectation," said Monsieur de Chèvres, breaking the silence.

"I am relieved!" said the poor artist, with a radiant countenance. "It is always an anxious moment when I show my pictures for the first time. But Mademoiselle inspired me."

"That is evident at a glance. Those eyes. That hair! They are those of Venus herself; of the Queen of Love," asserted Monsieur de Beaumont, laying his hand on Père Coïc's shoulder.

"I think it is beginning to come," replied Père Coïc, with humble vanity, turning round with a smile.

"Beginning! my friend. It has come. I vow it is a portrait once seen, never to be forgotten."

"It smiles well, does it not?" said Père Coïc, complacently gazing at his work.

"It smiles divinely," cried Monsieur de Chèvres, gathering his fingers into a bunch and blowing them open with a kiss.

"What I admire most are the eyes, they are so blue," put in Madame de Beaumont, in a thin voice of frightened laughter.

"Mademoiselle's eyes are the true ultramarine tint. I used it almost without white," answered Père Coïc.

"But the eyelashes—were there ever such eyelashes!" said Madame de Beaumont.

"They are heavier than Mademoiselle's—but long lashes, on the lower lid especially, do well in painting," said the artist.

"It is the privilege of art to add beauties to nature," said Monsieur de Chèvres.

"Not in this case," said the poor artist, shaking his head with a deprecatory bow.

"I hope Monsieur is giving me the beautiful rosy tint of Monsieur the Maire—plenty of crimson lake in it," said Angèle.

"Exactly, you would not know one from the other. A vermillion complexion!" answered Monsieur de Beaumont.

"Strawberries and cream. The strawberries predominating well," said Monsieur de Chèvres.

Père Coïc cast an uneasy glance over his shoulder at the speaker.

"It is a little too red for Mademoiselle. I shall soon work the pearl tint in."

"I beg you will not—that would spoil all. I wish it to be the same as Monsieur le Maire's—a *pendant* to his," said Angèle.

"It is a *pendant*—it is the counterpart!" cried several voices.

"Not the counterpart; Monsieur le Maire was Justice, Mademoiselle is Grace," said Père Coïc with a bow to Angèle.

"You have said it; in the catalogue of your works, there the two pictures will be labelled, Justice and Grace," said Monsieur de Chèvres.

The company tittered, and Père Coïc gave a wintry smile.

"The portrait is developing the mien of a Roman Emperor; your delicate aristocratic nose, Mademoiselle, has the impressive hook of the eagle," remarked Monsieur de Beaumont, still examining the picture with his eye-glass, and drawing in the air an exaggerated curve with his finger.

"You find the nose too long?" said Père Coïc passing his brush over the painted feature; then with a feeble effort at

self-assertion he screwed up his eyes and ducked his head on one side ; " I do not think so. I find it is quite Mademoiselle's nose."

He looked round, and saw the laughter on all the faces ; he quickly glanced towards Angèle with a perplexed appeal. She was laughing. His eyelids quivered, he grew somewhat pale. Soon the chorus took up the whispered strain again—he could hear the titters and distinguish some phrases. " The eyes look like French plums. What doleful reminiscences of leeches the eyebrows bring ! "

" The hair would make the fortune of a pomatum, if the picture were copied as an advertisement."

" The chin looks like a slice of cheese."

" There is a decided inflammation on the top of the nose."

" Is it a chilblain ? "

" I *must* see it—I cannot wait another minute," cried Angèle.

" I should like to know Mademoiselle's opinion," said Père Coïc faintly.

She jumped down. " Oh ! mon Dieu ! " she exclaimed with a gasp. " What a nose, and what a tangle of hair ! A love-sick eagle wearing a wig ! "

Père Coïc looked at her when she resumed her seat. She was agitated with suppressed merriment. He worked aimlessly on, now painting desperately here and there all over his picture—not saying a word, his lips drawn, a slight moisture on his brow.

" That is a famous bow of ribbon on my shoulder," remarked Angèle when she could trust her voice.

" It throws Monsieur le Maire's scarf completely into the shade," said Monsieur de Chèvres.

The painter laid down his brushes, rose and faced them.

" I see it now, you are mocking me," he said in a voice shaking with emotion. " You have been mocking me all the time—it amused you to invite me to your rich house to laugh



at me. Perhaps I don't know how to paint—as the rich understand painting—but the poor like my pictures. I have earned my bread honestly by them, these twenty years. It was not I who asked to come to your château—it was you who sent for me, *Eh bien!* I think it was an unworthy act to send for a man to make a butt of him because he is *un pauvre*."

He stopped abruptly; in turning he stumbled blindly up against the easel. For a moment he paused, grasping it to support himself. Then he began hurriedly with trembling hands to gather together his painting materials.

"But you misunderstand. It is nothing less than a *chef-d'œuvre*, this portrait. You must finish it," said Monsieur de Chèvres.

"I shall not finish the portrait. I am not mistaking you," answered Père Coïc in muffled tones, not pausing in the task of gathering together with half impotent hands his paints and brushes.

"Well, here is the money, my friend, all the same, as if it were finished, but, at least, leave it with us as it is," protested Monsieur de Chèvres, to whom Angèle had passed her purse.

"I shall neither take your money nor leave you my picture," said the artist, suddenly rising from his bent posture; "for you see I had rather not have a crust to put into my soup than accept the means of having it from those who mock me and my work."

"But this is not fair," cried Angèle. "I want my portrait. I shall never have another opportunity of being represented with that commanding nose and those languishing eyes."

During Père Coïc's closing words the door had opened and a man had paused on the threshold in the act of entering. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, clad in a velveteen suit, with leathern gaiters reaching to the knees. His complexion was aglow with the freshness of the wind and rain, and his eyes were bright. A dark beard covered the lower half of his face.

He looked for a moment at the scene before him : the gaunt man gesticulating with arm uplifted ; the well-dressed crowd of men and women around him ; Angèle enthroned aloft in blue, garlanded with roses. Some one caught sight of him and exclaimed, "*C'est Dufresny enfin.*" Then followed the hubbub of greeting. The new comer at once made his way to his betrothed, who had risen dimpling and blushing to receive him. He held her hand in his.

"My dear Angèle," he said quickly, under his breath, "this is cruel. Do you not see he feels it?"

During the exchange of salutations Père Coïc once more had turned, and stooping down blunderingly resumed the packing up of his paints and brushes. In his confusion he had squirted a tube of oil colour over his fingers, when he felt a hand upon his shoulder.

"You are a painter, my friend. I have heard some peasants who sat for me speak of you. I, too, am a painter. Let us shake hands!"

The humble artist darted a suspicious glance upward at the speaker. He met the manly mildness of the dark eyes bent upon him, and he half unconsciously let his hand slip into the one out-stretched ; as he felt its strong and gentle grasp close over his, the tension about his mouth relaxed, and a moist appeal came into his eyes.

"You see, Monsieur," he said, "I know how to paint the poor, but I do not know how to paint the rich."

"That is because we artists can paint only those who sympathize with us," answered Dufresny, with cordial emphasis. "If we and our models do not understand each other, we are stupid before them. We are all astray. Other people do not understand this, but we *know* it. We *must* have sympathy."

"Ah, Monsieur, how true that is—how true!" mumbled the poor painter. "Ah! you—you understand ; you are an artist. But all the same they have hurt me."

"You should not let them hurt you," continued Monsieur Dufresny, in those heart-stirring tones. "What do they know about art? What do they understand of its difficulties, of the labour the honest painting of a bit of ribbon or a flower represents? You must mind *me*, my friend, who am a brother-artist, and I tell you I admire you for what you have achieved unaided. There is not one here—myself included—who would have had the pluck and work in us to do it."

"You are very good, Monsieur," said the artist, a sob dilating his chest.

"Now I shall walk home with you. You shall show me your pictures," went on Dufresny, shutting with a snap the paint-box, at the lock of which the shaking fingers of Père Coïc had been vainly fumbling.

They went out together, Monsieur Dufresny carrying the clumsy box, Père Coïc following with the portrait.

"I think," said Mademoiselle Angèle, with *staccato* accentuation, "considering how little we have had of Monsieur Dufresny's society lately, he might have remained with us to-day."

"It shows he has a good heart, my niece," said Mademoiselle de Lustre, looking up from her knitting with a flurried brow. "You laughed at that poor artist; he has gone to console him. He has a good heart."

"Dufresny is a Don Quixote! *Vive la République!* He is a Don Quixote!" cried Monsieur de Chèvres, waving his hand above his head.

ALICE CORKRAN.

(*To be continued.*)



## Apollo and the Furies.

VISITORS to Rome, more than four decades of years ago, may remember, among the residents in the Eternal City, a German physician named Braun; a classical scholar and great enthusiast for the antique. He was a man of talent, inspiring much interest in those who heard him discourse, and suggesting a certain undefined resemblance to what Schiller might have been in life. He seemed to have inherited something of that poet's revival of the old Greek cast of thought.

Now, among Dr. Braun's speculations up and down the marbles in the Vatican, was a theory, new at least to me, regarding the Apollo Belvedere. They who have followed the history of this marvellous creation of pagan art, tell us that the hands, and the arms as far as the elbows, are modern, and have been supplied according to the fancy of the restorer. That unknown restorer, setting to work on his subject, and divining, as best he might, the thought which had prompted the sculptor Calamis when he designed the statue, concluded that Apollon Alexikakos, Deliverer from Evil, had been intended. The position of the arms, or what remained of them, together with the poise of the whole, indicated the moment when the bright Sun-god had aimed, with fatal success, his silver arrow against the Python.

Certainly, every portion of the work seemed to favour this idea; the glorious head thrown slightly back, with a certain majestic scorn, the left arm thrust forward with power, yet with majesty and calmness too; the right arm dropped towards the side. What remained, but to place the fragment of a bow in the newly-modelled left hand, and to complete the right arm by a hand that should aid head and face in expressing the

passionless attention of a Power watching the triumph of which he is assured? This same right arm, it must be confessed, is by no means in the position of an archer who has just twanged his bow; for it would naturally be kept raised much nearer to the right ear, and so remain, until the result was manifest. But, then, we are dealing with Phœbus, not with Robin Hood. The whole action is divine, transcendent, Olympian. It expresses the abstract dualism of good and evil in conflict; and the good, by its innate force, prevails. Or, if symbolical in a lower range of thought and interest, it is the beneficent sun that dries up the pestilent exhalations of some marsh that was dealing death around. Like his kindred power, Hercules, who with greater toil banked out or diverted the noxious streams which poets afterwards transformed into the many-headed hydra, or water-serpent, so Phœbus slays the Python, when, under the influence of his genial rays, the noxious swamp becomes the fertile field, and benefits mankind. Under whichever symbolism the action may be classed, we have here the heavenly archer, and the unseen slaughtered foe, hateful to gods and men.

Once adopted, the theory was consolidated and stereotyped by aid of the original genius of the sculptor, and no less by the restorer's ingenuity. Visconti commits himself to it without hesitation. He tells us, also, that the Belvedere statue, exquisite as it is, was in some degree eclipsed, in the estimation of the Greeks of old, by a rival work of Phidias on the same subject, which was pronounced to have more energy and daring. This, we shall see, tells powerfully for the theory of our German friend, whom we have not forgotten all this while, though he has stood a little apart. If Phidias put more animation into his Apollo, no wonder it *posed* as the undoubted slayer of the serpent; no wonder the same subject has been assigned by modern critics to the now mutilated work of Calamis. To many English readers, the Vatican Apollo is indissolubly

associated with Milman's prize poem ; among the most classical that ever proceeded from the banks of the Isis. Often must the words have been murmured by the Oxford graduate, making "the grand tour" after his labours in the Schools and the announcement of the class-list, as he looked up at the faultless form in the Belvedere gallery :

Saw ye the arrow hurtle through the sky ?  
 Heard ye the dragon-monster's deathful cry ?  
 Fix'd in the majesty of calm disdain,  
 Proud of his might, yet heedless of the slain,  
 The heavenly archer stands.

And so he has stood, while Winckelmann, Visconti, with many another art-critic, down to Mrs. Starke, and Nibbi, and Beckford and Eustace, and the author of Murray's *Handbook*, probably discoursed upon him in the same sense.

What, on the other hand, said Dr. Braun ? He maintained, as stoutly as Dominie Sampson, that the widespread belief was a *communis error*. This Apollo, according to him, was the slayer of nobody, but the protector of the oppressed, the refuge even of the guilty. The left hand, as Calamis had sculptured it, contained neither bow nor other weapon of offence. It was simply raised to ward off, or to wave away, pursuers who would have seized on a suppliant kneeling, crouching, at his side. Those who were thus forbidden to intrude into his region of light and joy, to touch the criminal who had fled to him for protection, were the dark Eumenides. The kneeling form, every trace of which has long since perished, if indeed it ever existed, was the matricide, whose remorse has been so vividly given to us by Æschylus ; Orestes, red-handed from the murder of Clytemnæstra.

Now, here we have an entirely new view of the meaning of a work of art which we have all known from childhood. Nor only this ; but a meaning, if I may judge, of a far higher, not to say holier, kind. It goes far to rescue Apollo from the



baser rank of an Olympian "of like passions with ourselves," turning his silver bow and deadly shafts this way and that, under the impulse of hate or vengeance—

tantæne animis coelestibus iræ?—

the slaughterer of the Greeks in their camp, the tormenter of Cassandra by the keen and subtle infliction that she should be fated to prophecy truth, and never to be believed. Here, on the contrary, he is emphatically the god of light, who dissipates by his presence all darkness and despair. Here we have the Vishnu, the "Preserver," of a more graceful mythology than that of Hindostan. Combined with that other and somewhat kindred myth of Prometheus, the old polytheism seems here to approach, from several paths, indefinitely near to a divine truth, the foundation of every Christian hope. Each fable of these two takes up a portion, or rather, hands on its own fragment, of the patriarchal tradition; though it needed a new and better revelation to combine them into the perfect whole. In the Alexikakos, we have a divine power befriending man, as from its own supreme height; untouched by suffering, even the suffering of toil or effort. In Prometheus appears the man, at most the demi-god,\* who suffers, as never one suffered before, because he had brought the gift of fire from heaven to a darkling and cheerless earth. Sublime approximations, if read in the better light of which they are capable! Who could be surprised to hear that these also, as well as the interpretation of the stately virgin form, standing before the porch of her own Parthenon, had entered into the topics of an Apostle discoursing on Mars' Hill?

Not less religious, certainly, was the truth of Divine vengeance hunting the guilty, and of the horribleness inherent in

\* Vulcan, in the "Prometheus Vincetus," names him his "kindred god," συγγενὴ θεόν, and expresses his reluctance to nail up so near a relation to the rocks where he is to expiate his crime.

crime ; truths embodied in the Eumenides. It would be interesting to know whether some coming mythologist shall find reason to refer the Furies to an Egyptian origin. Certainly, there is about them a plain-spoken denunciation of violated law that allies itself with those frescoes and sepulchral engravings from the old mystic land, in which we see the weighing of the disembodied soul for the apportionment of its doom. With what a chill shudder, however soon to pass away, must the light-hearted Athenians, in their packed theatre, have watched that grim chorus solemnly enter upon the scene ! Their measured and dreadful stride, the compact phalanx of dark forms, with tragic masks and snaky hair, brandishing the torch of vengeance, now on high, now lowered, as seeking their prey through the darkness—daughters as they are of Night. With horrid harmony of purpose, with notes high and shrill, or fiercely guttural, always harsh, they chant their dread mission to hunt down the guilty.

Tremble, thou wretch  
That hast within thee undiscovered crimes  
Unwhipt of justice ! hide thee, thou bloody hand !—

Yet this is insufficient to express it ; for Lear is impassioned, as beseeemed his condition ; while the Eumenides are passionless even as the upright sword over a judge's throne ; the righteous and stern executive of a legislation higher than themselves. Hear them, in the masterpiece of *Æschylus* that goes by their name, announce their lofty mission. Hear their faithful exponent, Schiller,\* tell how their slow march across the scene, and the dread accents of their song, swayed every bosom, suspended the very breath of the gasping crowd, till no man could

\* In his "*Cranes of Ibycus*." For want of any better version at the moment, let the reader accept this endeavour to reproduce a part of his description :

Dread fiction ! or, if truth ? It rose and swell'd,  
That chorus : what may such deep accents bode ?  
While those grim forms their ancient measure strode,  
And each man, aw'd and hush'd, his very breathing held.

be sure in his thoughts whether it were the fiction of the master-dramatist, or if, indeed, an immortal power had made itself visible, and were come to claim its own. S. Paul's eye, as he stood before the Areopagites, might have been caught by the small temple of the Eumenides, nestling immediately beneath the crag. Did he weave into his skilful but earnest address any allusion to their mythical power, which has escaped the pen of S. Luke? We trace the influence upon his immediate thoughts of the stately Athene Polias, "Defendress of the City," towering in bronze on the opposite rock of the Acropolis. It may have suggested to him to declare to the citizens who composed that Supreme Court, alike of equity and religion, that they "must not suppose the Divinity—τὸ Θεῖον—to be like unto gold, or silver, or stone, the graving of art and device of man." Nor would it have been incongruous, had he then turned from the Acropolis that fronted him, to look down upon the temple to his immediate left, consecrated to the dark powers, and expounded the true interpretation of that awful and subduing belief. It is not for us to put words into the lips of an Apostle. But the eloquence that afterwards described to the Romans the despairing sense of moral weakness, struggling impotently against a better conviction—the *video meliora, proboque*, which Ovid had groaned out while S. Paul was a boy—this might well have been employed in picturing the Eumenides as the embodiment of an avenging guilty conscience in man.

To return to our German doctor and his theory. If indeed this Apollo, in contrast with that of Phidias, was intended to symbolize, however faintly, so sublime a truth as S. John announces in its full clearness, that "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all," then how greatly must we regret the absence of the Orestes from between those contending powers. For Orestes represents the human element over whom the strife is waged; he is the battle-ground betwixt light and darkness, faith and doubt, conformity or disobedience to the moral law.



The Furies have hunted him, like sleuth-hounds, all the way to Apollo's shrine ; and thither he has fled, as to a harbour of refuge. What mingled emotions of hope and fear, of horror on the one hand, trust on the other, would not the sculptor have given to his countenance ! The " Eumenides " of *Æschylus* ends with a ray of hope : Apollo will not give up his suppliant to the avengers, and they remain baffled of their prey. Shall we be thought to intrude into a region too sacred, in saying that here may be discovered a lingering fragment of the primal hope given to man, even in the moment of his great transgression ? The terror of his crime, the need of a sacrifice if atonement be possible, the dark power triumphant, yet baulked by a superior power of mercy and protection—this combination of things, surely, is not the mere fancy of poet or dramatist, unaided by a reflected light whose source is from above. The entire myth is, at least, among the purest of the Greek creations. If we are compelled to admit that, as in the oracles represented by Apollo, the elements of truth and error, the divine and the demoniacal, are here found intermingled, this is only saying that the fragmentary portions of original truth have been seized by the lying demon, and worked too successfully into a network of deceit. Good, however, may have been wrought, in individual minds, by such faint foreshadowings of things to come. Apollo and the Furies proclaimed a dim truth, and yet were subservient to the triumph of idolatry. An over-ruling power has been at work, to an extent we shall never know, till all things are made clear :—

Yet these lead up to God,  
And on the rude eye, unconfirm'd for day,  
Flash meteor-lights, better than total gloom.

W. H. ANDERDON, S.J.



## On the Way to Wady Halfa.

TO sit on the low terrace in front of Shepherd's Hotel at Cairo, in the shade of the acacia trees, and to watch the street, is in itself a pleasure sufficient to fill up a month. And yet this is but a modern street, and cannot compare in glorious picturesqueness to the older parts of Cairo. But this thoroughfare is more cosmopolitan than the streets of the Arab quarters.

Before one gets accustomed to the strangely beautiful dresses and the extraordinary types of the people, one has the feeling that every one is acting a part on a stage as he walks, strolls, drives, rides or rests about the streets ; and that this is a wonderful pageant got up for the benefit of the denizens of Shepherd's as they sit in the delicious shade, and watch what passes before them. Men of all shades of colour, dressed in every variety of Eastern garment and head-dress, pass to and fro on ambling donkeys. Veiled women, in black, blue, and white "yashmaks" go by, riding astride their donkeys. Then a string of camels moves along ; and then a British hussar orderly will clank past the slow beasts on his wiry little Syrian horse ; and a cab will follow, full of jolly kilted Highlanders out for a spree. The hotel omnibus now comes up, and an Anglo-Indian officer of high rank, arriving with Sikh servants and an immensity of baggage, will get out and come up the steps, the Arabs and Egyptians curiously eyeing the Sikhs, whose huge puggerees and miserably thin legs don't compare well with the symmetrical garments and grand figures of the natives. English officers, of Her Majesty's army, or of the Khedive's, lounge about, or set off on a ride or drive, nearly all

in uniform, some in swagger riding suits and some in lawn-tennis costume ; and the smart Egyptian policemen, posted at the bottom of steps leading from the terrace to the street, salute them all day long. Now and then a Minister, or some grandee, visits or leaves the hotel, and there is extra saluting and bowing.

As the day wears on, private carriages appear ; and, in front of them, like animated bronze statues of Mercury, but in brilliant Turkish costumes of white muslin, with red, blue, and gold embroideries, run the bare-legged swarthy "syces," or grooms—perhaps the most beautiful figures in all the pageant. These men shout to clear the way for their masters' carriages. Beggars, nearly all blind, and some of them horribly maimed and deformed, pass by ; a conjuror stops to go through his tricks for us ; and a line of donkeys advances, the little beasts almost hidden under their loads of sugar-cane, which sweeps the ground behind them. An Egyptian officer, on a showy circus-suggesting Arab, jingles past, very jerky in his seat, and dressed in a sky-blue uniform, suggestive of Nathan's ; then the rattling of drums and French bugles tell us an Egyptian regiment is coming ; and, meeting it, goes, with slow and lumbering motion, a string of English baggage-waggons drawn by mules and driven by Nubians, escorted by British soldiers in dusty "Kerkee" uniforms—stout fellows going to the front, a good many of them never to return.

About half-past five in the afternoon, weird music and flashing torches attract us again to the terrace, and we see a crowd of pilgrims just arrived from Mecca, and proclaiming the fact to the crowd. Double "syces" come running among the traffic, shouting to clear the way for the broughams of the ladies of high pachas' hareems ; and perhaps a cavalry escort will dash past our post of observation, and the people salute their Khedive. And so, every day, the enthralling pageant unrolls itself with infinite variations. No wonder if one is

inclined to sit and look! But the thought of what awaits the spectator all around, makes him stir himself to be off.

Our first visit to the Pyramids was made on the last day of November, 1885—a sweet, gentle morning with limpid air, and lovely fresh clouds in a soft blue sky. We started before noon in a carriage with our dragoman, and were soon taken at the usual hand gallop over the big iron bridge, with the colossal green lions at each end, which spans the wide Nile, and along the acacia-shaded road which runs for a long distance in an imposing straight line to almost the base of the great Pyramid. As we sped along, passing through mud villages with their palms and rude domes and minarets, which lay in the well-watered low-lying lands on either side the causeway, we saw the highest group of Pyramids, and Sphinx and tombs rising grey and stern at the very edge of the desert, where it meets the bright green of the cultivated land; and from the first moment I saw them afar off I knew I was not destined to be disappointed. All the apprehensions caused by some travellers' tales had utterly vanished as we drew nearer and nearer these wonders of man's work, so pathetic in the evidence they give of their builders' colossal failure to accomplish what they fondly imagined they had done when they sealed up these elaborate hiding-places of the honoured dead.

We first strolled a little way by ourselves, and then we went down to the Sphinx, and rested in its broad shadow. The "calm eternal eyes" which have been looking across the plain for over four thousand years gave me a consciousness of awe which was with me for days. After visiting the temple of the Sphinx, we climbed to the entrance of the north face of the great Pyramid, and had, on the one hand, an exquisite view of Cairo in sun and shadow, under a sky of most beautiful cloud-forms; and, on the other, the lovely pearly and rosy desert stretching away into the grey and golden west. Driving home in the afternoon, we met shepherds guiding their flocks along the road,



and carrying tired lambs on their shoulders. There were buffaloes, and oxen, and ploughmen going home from their work in the soft, mysterious light. And as soon as we were over the iron bridge we were in the suburbs again. The gas lamps were being lighted, and Tommy Atkins was about, and British officers coming in from riding, and the cafés were full and noisy in this Parisianized part of Cairo. And we felt we had been borne back into to-day across an iron bridge which spanned four thousand years, while our thoughts lingered behind among those solemn monuments of the pre-Christian world.

LUXOR.—To the din and bustle of commercial and military Cairo has succeeded the deep calm of this solemn and poetical region. The hotel is deep set in palm trees and mimosa. Groups of Arabs hang about the garden all day. Close by lie the ruins of Luxor and Karnak, and across the Nile is the dead city of Thebes, with its mountains and the Tombs of the Kings.

We started early in the morning to visit Thebes, crossing the fast flowing Nile in a ferry-boat. We found our black, white, and grey donkeys, with scarlet and blue saddle-cloths, awaiting us in the mud near the water's edge on the other side. But we had to be taken to them on men's shoulders ; and sufficiently funny it was to see the ladies being hurried through the water in the arms of the swarthy Arabs. One old maid, with a Mother-Hubbard hat and blue spectacles, clung to a Nubian giant whose few rags flew behind him in the morning breeze. Mounting our donkeys, we scuttled over the dry mud with a troop of shouting Arabs. After passing a barbaric village of mud hovels, where dogs barked, children yelled, and animals of all kinds—uncanny brown sheep, and rather diabolical goats, and impish kids, and weird buffaloes mixed with the wild people—we came to another ferry, which took us and the donkeys over an arm of the Nile. We were a heavy boatful, with our



guides and donkey-men, and other picturesque fellows crowding the worn-out old punt. Re-mounting, we streamed off into a desert Wady, where a feathery acacia was the only tree. The palms were left behind. So we rode seven miles over sand and stones and rocks of rosy and yellowish grey, full of golden reflected light, up to the unspeakably arid mountains on which rain never falls, and which are pierced from base to summit with sepulchres four or five thousand years old.

After going through three of the most important of these—those of Rameses IV. and Rameses IX. and Seti I.—I had had enough of hieroglyphics and horrors of sepulchral air, and I was glad to get out into the sun again. After lunch I sketched some Arabs, and then we climbed to the very top of one of the mountains, and I had one of the epoch-making views of my life : Nile valley, opposite mountains, silver river winding away, away towards Assouan, and into the mysterious Soudan, where so many of our countrymen lie at rest. After a long contemplation of the view, we returned home in the enchanting after-glow. As to the beauty of colour when the moon rose, it was beyond words.

Another day was spent in visiting the painted temple of Medinet Habou and the Colossi of the plain on the other side of the Nile. That painted temple is the most beautiful thing we have yet seen : the colours, in some places quite bright, look exquisite against the blue sky.

The day before yesterday we went to see the registration of young men as conscripts for the Egyptian army, a most extraordinary scene. Led by the English consul through the village to the courtyard, we had to fight our way to the door, up a very dirty alley, crowded with the female relatives of the wretched youths inside. Some of these women were the most ghastly old hags you can conceive—hardly more sightly than the mummies we had seen in the Boulak museum. But the

mummies at least were quiet; and these poor creatures were going through antics to express their grief, working their skinny arms like the arms of marionettes and wailing, but in a clacking way as though their faces were really only skulls. Once inside, we were taken to a divan and had coffee (horrible stuff, which we surreptitiously threw away), and from this vantage point we watched what passed before us.

At a rickety table sat the officials and the sheiks of the villages from which the young men came—splendid men these sheiks, in elaborate turbans and silk robes. The doctor sat a little aside, and, as each proposed conscript in his one miserable garment of camel's hair was pushed forward, the doctor examined his eyes, teeth, hair, &c., and if he was passed, two gendarmes seized him, and cuffed and hustled him to the standard where he was measured. If below the minimum he was roughly pushed back to his people. If his height was as required, he was thrust by the nape of the neck into the group of chosen conscripts. Sometimes an old father or mother would come up with the boy, pleading his bad sight, or his weak chest, or his lameness. One old woman was so importunate that the attendants pushed her back. The poor bundle of mummy-like skin and bone fell down, and was so roughly pulled up again that I could look no more, fearing her arm would come off. She might have been four thousand years old by her appearance. They would not believe one father who showed them his son had one leg shorter than other, and a long time was spent in pulling his short leg straight as he lay writhing on the ground. The doctor at last came to the conclusion that he was curable, and away he went to be measured and then cuffed into the ranks of the chosen. Some of the heads were a mass of disease—some pronounced by the doctor to be hopeless, some hopeful. What a seamy-side view these curious transactions gave us of the Egyptian army. What material to make soldiers out of! No wonder they are

scattered like sheep as soon as a determined enemy comes among them. This registration takes place only once in five years. As I left the surging mass of unfortunate humanity I felt rather sick and sad.

Indeed the unutterable filth and squalor of the people here lessens the enjoyment of the matchless beauty of light and air, and mountains and temples and palms. How shall these people be brought up to a Christian level of thought? Where can the work begin? The little Catholic mission has eighty scholars in its school—Christian, Coptic, and Pagan, all who wish to come. They are wonderfully well taught by the Christian Brothers who derive their support from Propaganda at Rome. Three or four languages are learned, geography, botany, history, natural history, and the three Rs., and I was surprised when I visited the school to hear the ragged Arab boys say their lessons in excellent English, and to see their beautiful French writing. The priest at the head of the mission is an Italian Capuchin.

English troops are passing here almost daily for the front, and stop here for an hour or so at the landing stage. Fighting has broken out again, and we women are not allowed for the present to go further forward than Assouan.

The last day of the year 1885, and a telegram from the front sent at six last night, probably from the battle-field!

"Arabs driven from all positions with loss of their guns and standards. God be praised!" Yes, indeed, may God be praised, for *he* is safe!

AN OFFICER'S WIFE.

## An Astronomic Difficulty.

"THIS earth is but a planet of the sun ;  
The sun itself of myriad worlds but one.  
What likelihood, then, that God should come on earth,  
And take man's flesh by superhuman birth ?  
Such fables suit the men whose ignorant dream  
Thought earth the centre and themselves supreme."

*Not so ; our fathers were less gross than we,  
Nor reckoned bulk a part of majesty.  
The God of Christians was not born in Rome,  
Nor in Jerusalem was placed His home.  
"The least of cities," blessed Bethlehem, gave  
Only a cattle-pen within a cave.  
'Twas God-like thus to come ; for God is great  
Within Himself, nor needs our paltry state.  
He fills all space ; to Him, who made them all,  
The smallest things are great, the greatest small.  
A philosophic, astronomic God,  
Would dwell in central spheres, and by His nod  
Direct the comets, and make suns to blaze ;  
While scientific bodies, in amaze,  
Would analyze the spectrum of His ways.*

T. E. BRIDGETT, C.SS.R.



## Gesta Romanorum ; or, The Pulpit of Merry England.

### OF THE ENVY OF BAD MEN TOWARDS THE GOOD.

WHEN Diocletian was emperor, there was a certain noble soldier who had two sons, whom he entirely and truly loved. The younger of them married an infamous woman, without the knowledge of his father, and this proceeding overwhelmed him with the greatest grief. He sternly banished him from his presence, and left him to the rebukes of conscience, and to the agonies of approaching want. Nevertheless, his family increased ; and a beautiful but sickly child added to their necessity and despair. In this situation he despatched a messenger to his parent, to supplicate relief ; and when his wretchedness was made known, it moved him to compassion, and he forgave him all. After their reconciliation, the son entrusted to his father's protection the child, and it was taken to his house and educated as his own. But when the elder brother heard what had happened, he was exceedingly wroth, and said to his father, " Now my brother, whose son that child is, did you great injury. Therefore, I am persuaded that you are mad—for you both protect the child, and are at peace with him."

Here the father answered, " Son, I am reconciled to thy brother, in consequence of his own contrition, and the urgent entreaties of his friends. Therefore, it becomes me to love my recovered son more than I love you ; because, you have often offended me, but never sought a reconciliation : and since you have not humbly acknowledged your transgressions, you are more ungrateful than your brother has been, whom you would

have me banish from my house. You ought rather to rejoice that he is reconciled to me. But because you have exhibited so much ingratitude, you shall not receive the inheritance designed for you. It shall be given to your brother."—And so it was done.

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My beloved, by this father, we are to understand our *heavenly Father*: by the two sons, the angelic and the human nature. The human nature ate the fatal apple, contrary to the Divine injunction. Wherefore, it was banished by the heavenly Father. The child of the infamous woman is *mankind*, which had perished in its perverseness but for the paternal regard. And it is described as sickly because, being the fruit of sin, it is placed in a valley of tears. "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." But, by the Passion of Christ it is reconciled to God the Father, and fully established by the good offices and prayers of holy men. But the other brother, namely, the *devil* (who is the father of ingratitude) continually murmurs at our reconciliation; alleging that we ought not to obtain our heavenly inheritance because of original sin. But doubtless if we live a holy and pure life in this world, his allegation will nothing avail; nay, we shall obtain his portion—that is, the place which he has lost in heaven.

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#### OF FALSE ALLEGATIONS.

When the Emperor Leo reigned, his chief pleasure consisted in a beautiful face. Wherefore he caused three female images to be made, to which he dedicated a stately temple, and commanded all his subjects to worship them. The first image stretched out its hand over the people, and upon one of its fingers was placed a golden ring bearing the following device: "*My finger is generous.*" The second image had a golden beard, and on its brow was written, "*I have a beard: if any*

*one be beardless, let him come to me, and I will give him one."* The third image had a golden cloak and purple tunic, and on its breast appeared these words, in large golden characters, "*I fear no one.*" These three images were made of stone. Now when they had been erected according to the command of the Emperor, he ordained that whosoever conveyed away the ring, or the golden beard, or the cloak, should be doomed to the most disgraceful death.

It so chanced that a certain fellow entering the temple, perceived the ring upon the finger of the first image, which he immediately drew off. He then went to the second, and took away the golden beard. Last of all, he came to the third image, and, when he had removed the cloak, he departed from the temple. The people, seeing their images despoiled, presently communicated the robbery to the Emperor. The transgressor was summoned before him, and charged with pilfering from the images, contrary to the edict.

But he replied, "My Lord, suffer me to speak. When I entered the temple, the first image extended towards me its finger with the golden ring—as if it had said, 'Here, take the ring.' Yet, not merely because the finger was held forth to me, would I have received it; but, by-and-by, I read the superscription, which said, 'My finger is *generous*—take the ring.' Whereby understanding that it was the statue's pleasure to bestow it upon me, good manners obliged me not to refuse it. Afterwards, I approached the second image with the golden beard; and I communed with my own heart, and said, 'The author of this statue never had such a beard, for I have seen him repeatedly; and the creature ought, beyond question, to be inferior to the creator. Therefore it is fitting and necessary to take away the beard.' But although she offered not the smallest opposition, yet I was unwilling to carry it off, until I distinctly perceived, 'I have a beard; if any one be beardless, let him come to me, and I will give him one.' I am beardless,



as your Majesty may see, and therefore, for two especial reasons, took away the beard. Again, I came to the third image, which bore a golden cloak. I took away the cloak, because, being of metal, in the winter time, it is extremely cold; and the image itself is made of stone. Now stone is naturally cold; and if it had retained the golden cloak it would have been adding cold to cold, which were a bad thing for the image. Also, if it had possessed this cloak in summer, it would have proved too heavy and warm for the season. However, I should not have borne it away even for these causes if there had not been written upon the breast, 'I fear nobody.' For I discovered in that vaunt such intolerable arrogance, that I took away the cloak merely to humble it."

"Fair sir," replied the Emperor, "does not the law say expressly that the images shall not be robbed, nor the ornaments upon them molested on any pretence? You have impudently taken away that which did not belong to you, and therefore I determine that you be instantly suspended on a gallows." And so it was done.

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My beloved, that Emperor is Our Lord. The three images are three sorts of men, in whom God takes pleasure—as it is written, "thy delight is in the sons of men." If we live piously and uprightly, God will remain with us. By the first image with extended hand, we may conceive the poor and the simple of this world; who, if they have business in the halls of princes and noblemen, will prevail but little unless the hand is put forth to present a gift. Gifts blind the eyes of a judge. But if it should be asked of such a one, or of his servants, "Why fleecest thou the poor?" it is instantly replied, "Can I not receive with a good conscience what is voluntarily presented? If I took not the offering, people would say I was besotted; and therefore, to curb their tongues, I take it." By the second image we are to understand the rich of the



world, who, by the grace of God, are exalted to great wealth. So the Psalmist: "Thou raisest the poor out of the mire, and they are accused before their rivals." Some wretched man hath a golden beard—that is, great riches, which he inherited from his father; and straightway we oppress him, either with a legal pretext or without. A just man is overborne and robbed; for they say, "We are bald"—that is, we are poor; and it is fitting that he divide his riches with us: nay, he is often murdered for his property. "Covetousness," says St. Paul to Timothy, "is the root of all evil." By the third image with the golden cloak, we are to understand men raised to great dignities. Such are the prelates and princes of the earth, who are appointed to preserve the law, to cultivate virtue, and to root out vice. Wherefore evil-doers, who refuse to submit to necessary discipline, lift themselves up, and conspire against their ecclesiastical governors and superiors, saying, "We will not have him to reign over us." But these conspirators, and the like to them, shall die the death. Therefore let us diligently study to correct what is amiss in this life present, that we may enjoy the life which is to come.

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#### OF DEPRAVITY CONQUERED BY MILDNESS.

Alexander was a renowned and prudent Emperor. He married the daughter of the King of Syria, and had by her a beautiful son. But coming to man's estate, the boy conspired against his father, and continually sought his death. This conduct surprised the Emperor; and, conversing with the Empress, he said, "Fair wife, tell me, I pray thee, hast thou ever forsaken me for another?"—"My Lord," answered his wife, "what is the purport of your question?"—"Your son," said he, "seeks my life. It amazes me; and if he were mine he could not do it."—"Heaven can witness," returned the

lady, "that I am innocent. He is truly your son, but to what end he pursues your destruction, I cannot surmise."

The Emperor, satisfied on this point, spoke to his son, with the utmost mildness. "My dear son," said he, "I am your father; by my means you came into the world, and will succeed me on the throne. Why then do you desire my death? I have ever loved and cared for you, and my possessions are not less yours than mine. Cease, I conjure you, from such an iniquitous pursuit; and, in return for having given you life, curtail not the few brief hours that are assigned me." Nevertheless the son disregarded his father's entreaties, and every succeeding day discovered fresh proofs of a hard and depraved heart; sometimes endeavouring to slay him in public, and sometimes resorting to secret assassination.

When the father became aware of this, he retired into a very secluded apartment, and took with him his son. Presenting a naked sword, he said, "Take this weapon, and now hesitate not to put a speedy end to the existence of thy parent; for it will be esteemed less shameful to be slain by my own son, quietly and in secret, than to be exposed to the uproar and observation of the people." The son, struck with the enormity of what he purposed, cast aside the extended sword, and falling upon his knees, wept aloud. "Oh! my father," said he, "I have done thee wrong—open and notorious wrong, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Yet forgive me, dearest father, and once again restore me to thy forfeited love. From henceforth I will be indeed thy son, and in all things execute thy pleasure." When the overjoyed parent heard this, he fell upon his neck, and kissed him. "Oh, my beloved son, be faithful and affectionate, and thou shalt find a fond and indulgent father." He then clothed him in gorgeous apparel, and brought him to the banqueting-chamber, where he was sumptuously feasted with all the nobles of his empire. The Emperor, after this, finished his career in peace.

My beloved, the Emperor is our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God. He who seeks the life of his father is any *bad Christian* who is made a legitimate child of God, by the virtues of baptism. The mother of the boy is the Holy Church, through which our baptismal vows are received; and through which also the perverse sinner, removed from God by manifold offences, seeks the death of Christ, who is Himself the *father*. Therefore the Christian attempts to destroy Christ as often as he departs from the law of God. Again, Christ withdraws into the innermost sanctuary, and there, not only offers His breast to the drawn sword—but has actually died for our sins. Wherefore, remembering His love, and the sources of our own security, we ought to resist sin, and serve Him faithfully. The father delivered to his son the instrument of death: so God gives to you a sword—that is, free will, either to receive His grace and love, or to reject them. Do you therefore act as the son did: cast from you the sword of iniquity and malice.

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#### OF THE MANAGEMENT OF THE SOUL.

The Emperor Vespasian lived a long time without children; but at last, by the counsel of certain wise men, he espoused a beautiful girl, brought to him from a distant country. He afterwards travelled with her into foreign lands, and there became father of a son. In the course of time, he wished to revisit his own kingdom; but his wife obstinately refused to comply, and said, "If you leave me, I will kill myself." The Emperor, therefore, in this dilemma, constructed two rings; and upon the jewels with which they were richly ornamented, he sculptured images possessing very singular virtues. One bore an effigy of Memory; and the other an effigy of Oblivion. They were placed upon the apex of each ring; and that which represented Oblivion he bestowed upon his wife. The other



he retained himself; and as their love had been, such was the power of the rings. The wife presently forgot her husband, and the husband cared but little for the memory of his wife. Seeing, therefore, that his object was achieved, he departed joyfully to his own dominions, and never afterwards returned to the lady. So he ended his days in peace.

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My beloved, by the Emperor understand the *human soul*, which ought to return to its own country—that is, to Heaven, by which path alone it can arrive at security. The wife is our *body*, which holds the soul in sensual delights, that encumber and bar its passage to that eternal life, where the empire and hope of the soul is. Do ye, therefore, as the Emperor did: make two rings—the rings of Memory and Forgetfulness, which are prayer and fasting; for both are effective. In most countries, a ring upon the woman's finger is a token of her marriage; and when a man resigns himself to prayer and fasting, it is evidence of his being the bride of Christ. Prayer is the ring of Memory, for the Apostle enjoins us to “pray without ceasing.” Fasting may be called the ring of Oblivion, because it withdraws from and forgets the enticements of the flesh, that there may be no obstruction in its progress to God.

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#### OF THE POISON OF SIN.

Alexander was a prince of great power, and a disciple of Aristotle, who instructed him in every branch of polite learning. The Queen of the North, having heard of his proficiency, nourished her daughter from the cradle upon a certain kind of deadly poison: and when she grew up she was considered so beautiful that the mere sight of her affected many with madness.

The Queen sent her to Alexander to espouse. He had no



sooner beheld her than he became violently enamoured, and with much eagerness desired to marry her; but Aristotle, observing his weakness, said—"Do not touch her, for if you do you will certainly perish. She has been nurtured upon the most deleterious food, which I will prove to you immediately. Here is a malefactor who is already condemned to death. He shall be united to her, and you will soon see the truth of what I advance."

Accordingly the culprit was brought without delay, and scarcely had he touched the girl's lips before his whole frame was impregnated with poison, and he expired in the greatest agony.

Alexander, glad at his escape from such imminent destruction, bestowed all thanks on his instructor, and returned the girl to her mother.

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My beloved, any good Christian strong and powerful in virtues communicated at baptism may be called Alexander. He is strong and powerful as long as he preserves his purity from the contamination of the devil, the world, and the flesh. The Queen of the North is a superfluity of the things of life, which sometimes destroys the spirit, and generally the body. The envenomed beauty is luxury and gluttony, which feed men with delicacies that are poison to the soul. Aristotle is thy conscience, or reason, which reproves and opposes the union that would undo the soul. The malefactor is a perverse man, disobedient to his God, and more diligent in pursuing his own carnal delights than the divine command. This perverse man enfolds his sins in a close embrace, by whose deadly touch he is spiritually destroyed. So the Book of Wisdom declares, "He who touches pitch shall be defiled by it." Let us then study to live honestly and uprightly, in order that we may attain to everlasting life.

## OF BAD EXAMPLE.

In the reign of Otho there was a certain slippery priest, who created much disturbance among his parishioners, and many were extremely scandalized. One of them, in particular, always absented himself from mass when it fell to the priest's turn to celebrate it.

Now it happened on a festival day, during the time of mass, that as this person was walking alone through a meadow a sudden thirst came upon him, insomuch that he was persuaded unless present relief could be obtained he should die. In this extremity, continuing his walk, he discovered a rivulet of the purest water, of which he copiously drank. But the more he drank, the more violent became his thirst.

Surprised at so unusual an occurrence, he said to himself, "I will find out the source of the rivulet, and there satisfy my thirst." As he proceeded, an old man of majestic appearance met him, and said, "My friend, where are you going?" The other answered, "I am oppressed by an excessive drought, surpassing even belief. I discovered a little stream of water, and drank of it plentifully; but the more I drank the more I thirsted. So I am endeavouring to find its source, that I may drink there, and, if it be possible, deliver myself from the torment." The old man pointed with his finger, "There," said he, "is the spring-head of the rivulet. But tell me, mine honest friend, why are you not at church, and with other good Christians hearing mass." The man answered, "Truly, master, our priest leads such an execrable life, that I think it utterly impossible he should celebrate it so as to please God." To which the old man returned: "Suppose what you say is true. Observe this fountain, from which so much excellent water issues, and from which you have lately drunk." He looked in the direction pointed out, and beheld a putrid dog with its mouth wide open and its teeth black and decayed, through which the whole fountain gushed in a surprising manner.

The man regarded the stream with great terror and confusion of mind, ardently desirous of quenching his thirst, but apprehensive of poison from the fetid and loathsome carcase, with which, to all appearance, the water was imbued. "Be not afraid," said the old man, observing his repugnance, "thou hast already drank of the rivulet; drink again, it will not harm thee." Encouraged by these assurances, and impelled by the intensity of his thirst, he partook of it once more, and instantly recovered from the drought. "Oh, master!" cried he, "never man drank of such delicious water." The old man answered, "See now, as this water, gushing through the mouth of a putrid dog, is neither polluted nor loses aught of its natural taste or colour, so is the celebration of mass by a worthless minister. And therefore, though the vices of such men may displease and disgust, yet should you not forsake the duties of which they are the pointed organ."

Saying these words the old man disappeared; and what the other had seen he communicated to his neighbours, and ever after punctually attended mass. He brought this unstable and transitory life to a good end, and passed from that which is corruptible to inherit incorruption, which may Our Lord Jesus Christ, the son of Mary, grant to all!

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My beloved, the Emperor is God, in Whose kingdom, that is, in the world, there is an evil priest; namely, every perverse Christian. The bad priest, through the influence of a bad example, causes many to separate from the community; and therefore St. Gregory well says that "as often as he does an ill action, he loses a soul." If any of you, to whom I now speak, have been so deluded, act like the parishioner in our story. Walk across the meadows, that is through the world, until you find One whom your soul loves—to wit, that old man, who is Christ, revealed by actions of benevolence and mercy. But, in the first place, drink of the rivulet although it should not immediately extinguish your thirst. That rivulet is



baptism, which alone is able to quench the drought occasioned by original sin. Yet should the evil nature of that origin prevail, and you fall again into error, then seek out the fountain, and there drink. For that fountain is Our Lord Jesus Christ. The mouth of a putrid dog is that of an evil preacher. For as in a dog there are four excellent qualities, described in the following couplet :

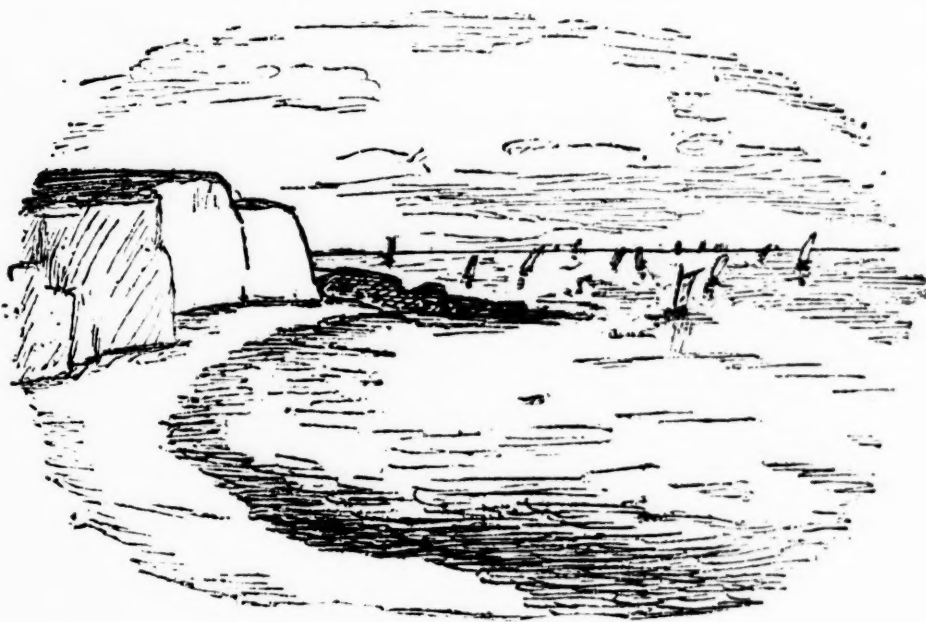
“ In cane bis bina sunt ; et lingua medicina,  
Naris odoratus, amor integer, atque latratus :—”

so priests, who would be useful in their station, ought diligently to cultivate these four properties. *First*, that their tongue possess the power of a physician in healing the sick in heart, and probing the wounds of sin ; being careful, at the same time that too rough a treatment does not exacerbate rather than cure ; for it is the nature of dogs to *lick* the body's wounds. *Secondly*, as a dog, by keenness of scent distinguishes a fox from a hare, so a priest, by the quickness of his perception in auricular disclosures, should discover what portion of them appertains to the cunning of the fox—that is, to heretical and sophistical perverseness ; what to internal struggles and timorous apprehensions, arising from the detestation of evil or hopelessness of pardon ; and what to the unbroken ferocity of the wolf or lion, originating in a haughty contempt of consequences ; with other gradations of a like character. *Thirdly*, as the dog is of all animals the most faithful, and ready in defence of his master or his family, so priests also should show themselves staunch advocates for the Catholic faith ; and zealous for the everlasting salvation, not of their parishioners alone, but of every denomination of true Christians, according to the words of Our Lord, “ A good shepherd lays down his life for his sheep.” *Fourthly*, as a dog by barking betrays the approach of thieves, and permits not the property of his master to be invaded—so, the faithful priest is the watch-dog of the great King.



## Reviews and Views.

THE "Country Doctor," who writes "Sunshine and Sea" \* (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) writes at high pressure and jocularly about a fortunate but perfectly commonplace yachting tour to the Channel Islands and the coast of Brittany. Since charming literature has been made of a journey round a garden and a journey round a room, a cruise round the



SARDINE BOATS RETURNING.

temperate summer seas that curl into the little Jersey bays might be turned into the like. We have no quarrel with the material; but we have been somewhat overpowered by the treatment, which is noisy. When Mr. Pecksniff wished to surprise his artless daughter over her housekeeping books in the kitchen, he called out with stentorian blandness, "Bo!" And

\* "Sunshine and Sea." By a Country Doctor. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

when we say that the Country Doctor is noisy, we do not accuse him of ceasing to be mild. Such fun as the translation of the name of a dish into "kidneys jumped to mushrooms,"



TOWER AT QUIMPER.

and allusions to "undue alcoholic stimulation" and to "gentlemen in the undertaking interest," is mild fun; and the writer of "Sunshine and Sea" bestows it upon his readers without respite

through his two hundred and sixty pages. We will not complain about the quotation of *Punch's* advice to those about to marry. It has now been quoted steadily for forty years, and there is no reason why any particular author should be expected to begin to leave off. Such gaiety apart, the Country Doctor's book is not unreadable. Its pleasant title is in harmony with a narrative full of pleasant experience, and when dealing with Brittany and the Bretons the author gives the simple incidents of river navigation among the people crowding to a "Pardon," with some descriptive ability and spirit.

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The interest of the Millais pictures at the Grosvenor is somewhat discounted by the fresh remembrance of the little collection shown by the Fine Art Society. There the majority of the present generation made their first acquaintance with pictures which had been part of the history of modern art in England. "The Carpenter's Shop," "Ariel," "Isabella and Lorenzo," and the rather later "Autumn Leaves," had all been revived in Bond Street, and looked at with the interest of curiosity by people who had the literature of the production and exhibition of these memorable pictures at their fingers' ends. The present collection at the Grosvenor Gallery, therefore, is not so sensational in its contrasts and remembrances as it would have been if it had presented the public suddenly with the grand transformation scene of Sir John Millais's artistic career. A transformation scene in truth it is. And the condemnation, just or unjust, of the Pre-Raphaelite creed is this—that its professors, as a rule, did not stick to it. If it was so excellent as they professed it to be then in actuality, and profess it again to be now in retrospect (with an interval of reprobation and repudiation), why are they renegades to it now? The movement, as shown now in these revived works of a boy

of twenty. now a grey man, like the Romantic movement in France, has a pathetic half-grotesqueness, inasmuch as it is nothing if not young ; and now it is old !

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But if we decline to take the works of the group of Preraphaelite lads of 1848 as exceedingly important in its achievement, we must gladly accept its influence. It checked the enormous commonplace of its day—commonplace none the less profound that it was often meritorious, and that it always aimed at beauty—such beauty as it could conceive of. The severe young men of the brotherhood had other objects. Perhaps they insisted too much on their own spirituality and sincerity. But the Preraphaelite gown, increasing lengthily at the waist, was a protest against violent and vulgar curves ; the Preraphaelite thin cheeks were a protest against voluptuousness, as was the thin reddish hair against wanton tresses. Technically, the protest against jaunty generalization—against the “Where-will-you-put-in-your-brown-tree ?” school—was emphatic and effectual. Sir John Millais, however, doubtless did well to follow the impulse of his own development—to be himself, however that self might alter.

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Here we may follow him. “The Carpenter’s Shop,” as “Christ in the House of His Parents” was generally called, has this obvious fault—that the figures are painted from British people, and this in an age when the facilities of locomotion place Oriental types within easy reach. The veritable Preraphaelites painted from Italians of their own time in perfect good faith because they could not do otherwise. St. Joseph is a long-lipped Scotch tradesman—a grocer rather than a



carpenter, according to the habit of his face: Mary appears as a dreary sempstress. The incident of a prophetic wound has always seemed to us a rather cheap, trivial, and ingenious fancy, rather than a significant imagination. But the whole work is exquisite in care and tenderness. This picture represents the first manner. "Autumn Leaves" marks the next stage, with its more demonstrative expression and less restrained hand: a noble picture, in spite of the rather too heavy and intense colour; the cottage girls who are feeding a pyre of the year with dead leaves are like young and solemn Fates. Another six years bring us to the somewhat more confident manner of "St. Agnes' Eve," in which picture the heroine faces the wrong way. She is described as going to bed backwards, with the light shining, through the painted window, on her breast, not daring to look at her bed for fear of breaking the charm; here Madeline stands with her back to the window. Another six years, and Sir John was painting inventive subjects like "The Flood," rather ingenious than interesting; but his technique was emancipating itself completely. Yet another six, and he was producing his most intellectual work—portraiture, on account of which he has so often been bitterly and ignorantly reproached for forsaking subject. From the early seventies until now the painter has fluctuated, but the period of change or development has been left behind. It is to be noted that his own favourite works are hung together—the portraits of Lord Tennyson and of Mr. Hook, R.A.; "The Knight Errant," containing the only nude study among Sir John Millais's paintings; "No!"; "Yes or No?"; and one or two others.

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Miss Rosa Mulholland's poetry ("Vagrant Verses": Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) is no sudden excursion of a prose writer into the other kingdom, and is not to be judged as the water

colour of a painter in oil. The poems of which a collection is here made for the first time have been gathered from magazines of many and various dates. The author's poetry has accompanied the prose of her whole literary lifetime until now, but yet, being an accompaniment, it has an inevitably fugitive quality—a little too much quickness or slightness. This is true of only a part of the little book; and some among the poems detach themselves from the rest. None are trivial, none are cheap or unworthy; but these are strong, high, and lovely, often celestial. Among them is "Saint Barbara," of which these are a few stanzas:—

Sadly thy gentle spirit hath obeyed  
 A father unforgiven,  
 Who hid thy face among the clouds of heaven.  
 Yet with the love and wisdom of the sages  
 Thy beauty shines to us across the ages,  
 A bloom time cannot fade.

Girl, they have cut from 'neath thy dancing feet  
 Earth, with her rose and lily,  
 Her violet and her light-winged daffodilly;  
 Stolen from thine ear the sound of children singing;  
 The low of kine and pleasant sheep-bells ringing  
 Are pleasant to thee, sweet!

No tender human fingers touch thine own;  
 The cold winds round thy bed  
 Caress thy motherless young golden head.  
 The silence widens not when thou art sleeping,  
 Save by the absence of thy hopeless weeping,  
 Echoed by walls of stone.

Yet thou has company the clouds among,  
 The birds' loud-songs surround thee,  
 The legions of the storm whirl round and round thee;  
 The tranquil saints from their eternal places,  
 Look out and show thee their enraptured faces—  
 The stars shine clear and strong.

The diction and the very measure here are lofty, and have a kind of heavenly suggestiveness. Almost equally beautiful in

a very different mood is the mournful poem called "The Strangers." Joy and sorrow come to a human dwelling, and with them comes the fiendish shadow of Despair :

The first, with dazzling face full turned on me,  
Gave me the glory of her radiant eyes,  
And touch of her fair hands. . . .

The second, with sad mien and face avert,  
Like one unwelcome, stood and made no sign ;  
While came I forth with eye and step alert  
To bid both enter, and be guests of mine.

But Joy and Sorrow bid the soul choose one and drive thence the other ; Sorrow promising that if she alone enters, Despair will never come :

I turned my face from her who looked delight,  
Her smile dissolved away o'er moor and mere ;  
While the foul fiend went howling towards the night.  
I gave my hand to Sorrow. She is here.

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A monthly publication of singular beauty, and of far more importance than usually attaches to periodical work, has appeared in Paris under the title of "Les Lettres et les Arts" (Bousson, Valadon et Cie.). It would be difficult to say whether in its art or in its letters it is most admirable. The drawings are in several schools of excellence, but perhaps the most completely charming are those with which M. Boutet de Monvel illustrates an exquisite paper on schoolboy writers by M. Pailleron (of the Academy). The most learned draughtsmanship, the most true and delicate light and tone, accompany in these charming little studies of French boy-life an exuberant and unrestrained fancy. M. Pailleron's fun and tenderness are well matched by these illustrations. The words with which he touches his incidents—such as the sending by the

schoolboys of a letter addressed, "Victor Hugo, Océan!" and the Hugoesque answer that came, at which the writer most delicately smiles—are as fine as fine can be, and a charming tailpiece follows them. Next comes, with a headpiece in music, a paper that accompanies M. Détaillé's vigorous frontispiece of a trumpeter, apparently hand-coloured. Next, M. Caro (of the Academy) contributes an essay on the literary labour and thought of the solitary country priest, Joseph Roux, who has mingled noble human and devotional writing with some conventional critical work, and with studies of peasant life full of painfulness, coming as they do from the pen of a pastor of peasants. M. Gounod writes on Sacred and Profane Music. Mme. Gautier tells devotionally and prettily a story of the Epiphany. M. Frédéric Masson, with a historical study of Deism in the Revolution, magnificently illustrated, is followed by M. Jules Simon on Workmen's Dwellings: the author rather veils than displays his own long labours in the cause of charity and justice to the labourer. This paper also has admirable drawings. M. Pierre de Nolhac sings a graceful ballad of Winter, illustrated with a fascinating figure of a Parisienne in her furs in the snow; and even in this gay poem there is a note of goodness and charity which is heard throughout these delightful pages. Several other papers, all valuable in their manner, are closed by brilliant paragraphs on art, literature, the drama and its actors. "Les Lettres et les Arts" gives us, as regards form and production, the last word of skill and good taste.



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